

THE  
CABINET;  
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF  
POLITE LITERATURE.

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FEBRUARY, 1808.

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MR. EMERY.

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THIS excellent comedian, whose parents were both on the stage, was born at Sunderland in the year 1777, and received his education at Ecclesfield in Yorkshire. To this accidental circumstance he is indebted for much of his present popularity. The country stage dialect had been usually that of Somersetshire: early habits and connection, and afterwards his engagement with Tate Wilkinson, made Emery a complete master of the phraseology, tone and manners of the *Yorkshire Clown*, and he has introduced them on the stage with a *naiveté* so inimitable, and an effect so irresistibly ludicrous, as to establish himself with the public as one of their most distinguished favourites.

Very early in life he became fond of music, and was such a proficient on the violin as to be able to take his seat in the band of the Brighton theatre before he was thirteen years old. He soon stepped from the orchestra on the boards, threw away his *cremona*, and put on the *sock*. *Crazy* in Peeping Tom was his first character. After a short course of practice on some inferior stages, he accepted an engagement at York, where at fifteen years old, he successfully imitated the debilities of *old age*. He was an extraordinary favourite in this circuit,

so much so that when Mr. Quick left Covent-Garden he was invited by Mr. Harris to succeed him. He appeared in *Frank Oatland* and the *Miser*, and was greatly applauded ; and by degrees acquired his present ascendancy over the town in characters which blend rustic simplicity and awkwardness with archness, conceit, and low cunning. Our portrait represents him in *Tyke*, a part written expressly for his powers by Mr. Morton, and in which he displays not only the just humour of a good comedian, but the skill and address of a great master in his profession.

Mr. De Wilde has caught his character in the painting from which our engraving is taken, with the utmost fidelity.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LETTERS TO HIS FATHER  
KING GEORGE THE FIRST.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

ACCORDING to Smollet's History of England (reign of George the First, the year 1717) "the Princess of Wales was, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of November, delivered of a Prince, the ceremony of whose baptism was productive of a difference between the grandfather and the father. The Prince of Wales intended that his uncle, the Duke of York, should stand godfather. The king ordered the Duke of Newcastle to stand for himself. After the ceremony, the prince expressed his resentment in very warm terms. The king ordered the prince to confine himself within his own apartments; and afterwards signified his pleasure that he should quit the palace of St. James. He retired with the princess to a house belonging to the Earl of Grantham ; but the children were detained at the palace. All peers and peeresses, and all privy counsellors and their wives, were given to understand, that in case they visited the prince and princess, they should have no access to His Majesty's presence ; and all who enjoyed posts and places under both king and prince were obliged to quit the service of one or other, at their option."

On looking over some old papers, I found the copies of the letters which the prince addressed to his father on this occasion. Not being a *Collector*, I know not how far they may be thought either *scarce* or *curious*. To

me they are both, and if you think them worthy of insertion, they are at your service. They certainly illustrate this page of history.

SIR,

"I received with all submission your Majesty's commands confining me to my own apartment, 'till your Majesty should signify your further pleasure to me. So great a mark of your Majesty's displeasure surprised me extremely, never having entertained a thought of your majesty unbecoming a most dutyfull son. I was made to believe your Majesty appeared easy in the choice I had made of the Duke of York to be god-father to my son, and that the Duke of Newcastle might represent him, and not be god-father himself; being persuaded of this, I could not but look upon it as an unaccountable hardship that he would be god-father to my child in spite of me; but when your Majesty thought it proper to command it, I submitted. This treatment of the Duke of Newcastle touched me sensibly, and so far raised my indignation, that at the sight of him upon this occasion, I could not help shewing it.

"But as the respect I have always had for your Majesty always hindered me from expressing any resentment against him whilst he was charged with your Majesty's orders; I hope your Majesty will have the goodness not to look upon what I said to that duke privately, as a want of respect to your Majesty. However; if I have been so unhappy as to offend your Majesty contrary to my intention, I ask your pardon, and beg your Majesty will be persuaded that I am, with the greatest respect, &c."

"Sir,

"I hope your Majesty will have the goodness to excuse me, if in the condition I was in yesterday, when I took the liberty to write to your Majesty, I omitted to mention that I will shew no resentment to the Duke of Newcastle upon what has passed, and I take this opportunity to assure your Majesty of it, being with profound respect, &c. &c."

"Sir,

"I have just now obeyed your Majesty's orders, having left St. James's; the Princess goes along with me, and our servants shall follow with all imaginable expedition."

After reading these epistles, I naturally exclaimed,



who would be a *Prince of Wales*? The meanest subject in the empire can chuse a chimney-sweeper, if he please, to be the god-father of his child (and perhaps an honest chimney-sweeper is to be preferred to an old intriguing *Cabinet Minister*). But what is more in his favour, he cannot be dismissed from his lodgings (like the poor Prince in this case) without a *quarter's* warning.

Yours, &c,  
JOHN BULL.

## THE ARTS.

No. XIII.

### ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

THIS celebrated artist, a member of the Royal Academy, died at Rome, in the 67th year of her age, on the 7th of November 1807. The attendance at her funeral testified the high respect in which her memory was held in that city. Many of the chief nobility; the members of the different literary societies, and a great number of the principal clergy assisted in the procession. The pall was supported by young women, and some of the artist's most admired performances were publicly exhibited.

This accomplished and singular lady was a native of Germany: she studied the fine arts at a very early period. At the age of twenty-five she visited England, and, considering her age and sex, burst upon the hemisphere of painting as a luminous wonder, as independant of her immediate professional qualifications, she could communicate her sentiments in seven different languages, and was an adept in music; connecting her beauty with her knowledge, and her sweet disposition with both, she was perhaps the most fascinating woman in Europe. In the year 1775 she visited Dublin, and was hospitably entertained by the nobility, and particularly Mr. Tisdall, then Attorney-General, at whose house she resided, and exercised her talents.

It was her luckless fate to be deceived into marriage by a valet de chambre of the name of Kauffman, who passed with her for a Saxon Count, but upon a development of the truth, she purchased her emancipation, but never regained her own esteem. At this period Nathaniel



Dance was sighing at her feet, and rejected ; she is said to have qualified this repulsion, in the hope of becoming Lady Reynolds ; but the cold president was too abstracted in thought for the interests of the Paphian boy. After practising for several years in London with the greatest success, she retired to Rome, where she condescended to wed Mr. Zucchi, an inconsiderable artist, but a worthy man.

Though Mrs. Kauffman convinced the world that she possessed much grace, she did not convince them that she possessed much truth. Her children are not rotund, fubby, and dimply, but slender and juvenile. Fiamingo and Guercino have given us the true character of infants, which Mrs. Kauffman never understood.

Her draperies were generally erroneous, and were copied from the old expedient of the French school, which was to clothe the lay figure with damp brown paper ; but this measure is wrong, as it makes the folds too numerous, and too abrupt, and wholly dissimilar to what would be produced by any species of linen : and to suppose Bacchants and Wood Nymphs eternally habited in light silks, would be proposterous and absurd.

## MELANGE.

## No. IX.

*Chacun à son gout.*

SERVIN.---When Maximilian Berthune, duke of Sully, and chief minister to Henry IVth of France, was coming over ambassador to England in the year 1603, he had in his *suite* (which consisted of above two hundred persons, mostly of distinction) a young man of the name of Servin, whose character is so very extraordinary, that nothing less than the pen of the noble and respectable historian himself can render it credible.

“ The beginning of June,” says he, “ I set out from Calais, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of above two hundred gentlemen (or who called themselves such), and of whom a considerable number were really of the first distinction. Just before my departure, old Servin came and presented his son to me, begging that I would use my endeavours to make him a man of some worth and honesty, though he confessed it was

what he dared not hope;---not through any want of capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice.

“The father was in the right. What he told me, having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, I found him to be at once a *wonder* and a *monster*; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and the most pernicious qualities.

“Let the reader represent to himself a man of genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarcely ignorant of any thing that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted; and so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he once learned. He was master of every part of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing. Even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he chose to exert that talent, and an able disputant either for, or against the reformed religion. He not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call *learned*, but likewise all the different jargons, or modern dialects: he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe and of the particular provinces of France, that he might be taken for a native of all, or any of those countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, in which he succeeded wonderfully.

“He was, beside, the best comedian, and greatest buffoon, that perhaps ever appeared. He had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses. He played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly. He likewise could say mass, for he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know all things. His body was well suited to his mind: he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for every kind of exercise. He could ride well; and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was as much admired. There are not many games of entertainment that he did not know, and he was skilled in almost all the mechanic arts.

“But now for the reverse of the medal.---He was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, and deceitful: a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton: a sharper in play,

immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, and an atheist. In a word; in him may be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, or society: the truth of which he evinced with his latest breath; as he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, entirely corrupted by his debaucheries; and expired with a glass in his hand, cursing and denying God!"

VOLTAIRE, in his QUESTIONS SUR L'ENCYCLOPEDIE, under the article *Identité*, says, for the purpose of invalidating the idea of a state of future retribution: 'On a donc demandé, comment un homme qui auroit absolument perdu la memoire avant sa mort, et dont les membres seroient changés en d'autres substances, pourroit être puni de ses fautes, ou recompensé de ses vertus, quand il ne seroit plus lui-même?'

Never surely was a more absurd question. Identity consists in a consciousness of being the same person, and not in the sameness of matter. As for the loss of memory, that may happen from a fever, and be restored again without a miracle. But a temporary loss of memory would never be admitted as a plea of indemnification for previous crimes, in any court of justice in the world.

POLITICAL PAMPHLETS.—Of a bundle of pamphlets concerning the causes for the *alarm* of the year 1794, the propriety of a war with France, &c. &c. which a very active and industrious society printed at their own expence, and gave away, a dispassionate observer and excellent scholar gives the following short character.

"Those they were written *for*, would not read them; those they were written *against*, did not value them; those that *read them*, did not like them; those that *understood* them, did not like them; those that *approved* them, would not buy them; the friends of the party could not *vindicate* them; the enemies of the party would not *trouble themselves* to answer them; and the men that wrote them, *did not believe them*."

THE WOMAN'S SECRET.—Bayle says that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret with which she is entrusted, except one,—and that is *her own age*.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.—The junior counsel, who opened the cause of *Madame D'Eon*, concluded as follows: "We shall now call witnesses to prove that *he* is *she*."



**PARTIALITY OF PEOPLE FOR THEIR OWN PROFESSION.**

---HOGARTH, in his Analysis of beauty, mentions the circumstance of a dancing-master's observing, that though the minuet had been the study of his whole life, he could only say with Socrates, that he knew nothing; and adding, that Hogarth was happy in his profession as a painter, because some bounds might be set to the study of it.

The following curious observation occurs in a treatise on hunting. "I once had the pleasure of a long conversation with a very ingenious gentleman, then seventy years old. Having himself hunted with all sorts of dogs, and in most counties of England, he entertained me with a most delightful discourse on that subject; and on my making him a compliment on his perfect knowledge of the art; "O Sir," says he, "the life of man is too short."

The relater, a sportsman himself and a writer on the subject, adds; "this sage declaration was received as a jest by some of the company, but I have found it a serious truth."

**THE TEACHER AND THE TAR.**—When Mr. Whitefield once preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon, a British sailor, who had strolled into the meeting, observed some persons take plates, and place themselves at the door, upon which he laid hold of one, and taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers. This being told to Mr. Whitefield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast there, said Jack, it was given to me, and I shall keep it." "You will be d—d, said the parson if you don't return it." "I'll be d—d if I do," replied Jack, and sheered off with his prize.

**COAT OF ARMS**—A gentleman having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russel. "And pray," said the gentleman jocularly "is your *coat of arms* the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "as to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a cursed deal of difference between our *coats*."

## MAD DOGS.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. But though the nations be exempt from real evils; though there be neither famine nor pestilence, yet there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among its inhabitants; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people. What is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of *epidemic terror*.

A season is not known to pass, in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity: one year it issues from a baker's shop, in the shape of a six-penny loaf; the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail; a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat; and a fourth it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog.

A dread of mad dogs is the *epidemic terror* which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to shew a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water: if she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gathers round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side; if he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for a *mad dog always snaps*

*at every thing*; if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, *for mad dogs always run straight forward.*

It is pleasant enough to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipt in the salt water: when the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog, and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster. As in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings some new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened by the barking of a dog; the story spreads that a *mad dog* had frightened a lady of distinction; in the neighbouring village the report is, that a lady of quality was *bit* by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described with wild eyes, and foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds.

My landlady, a good natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago, before my usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks, and desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened, as to put *all the world* upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard,



and bit a fine brindled cow ; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up went about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining into the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer, were no way injured, and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in the hundred was bitten by a mad dog. Such accounts in general therefore only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy by creating those very symptoms they pretend to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession) yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance ; the insidious thief is often detected, the healthful chace repairs many a worn constitution, and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

“ A dog, says one of the *English poets*,\* is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.” Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or haunt the forest, a dog is the only animal, that leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man ; to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance ; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure ; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation ; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor ; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble steadfast dependent, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest, to claim the protection of man ! how ungrateful a return to an animal that so truly loves him !

I am,

Sir, &c.

PHILO-CANIS.

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\* Otawy.

## THE SISTER.

A NIGHT SCENE FROM MEMORY.

*[Resumed from page 8.]*

“DON GIOVANNI was two years ago, if a Sister may be allowed to do him this justice, the most accomplished nobleman in the kingdom of Naples. We lost our parents at the time of the memorable earthquake which destroyed nearly all Calabria. I was then only a year old, and my brother scarcely five. We inherited the immense property of our family. My brother had the good fortune to be indebted for his education to one of those rare characters who, while he treated his pupil with the tenderest indulgence, was a man of profound knowledge and guided by the most rigid principles of honour. My brother's preceptor had survived his relations, his friends and his fortune. The caprices of his fortune and the extraordinary vicissitudes he had experienced gave a kind of enthusiasm to his character which led him to speak on all subjects with great vehemence. His burning eloquence inflamed the mind of his pupil, and taught him to cherish almost to idolatry every thing that is noble and grand in nature. The love of his country became my brother's predominant passion, and his favourite heroes were Mutius Scævola and Regulus.

“In short Don Giovanni wished to render himself useful to his country. He demanded and obtained a military appointment. The same year was sorrowfully marked by the death of our worthy instructor, whom I venerated as a parent. My brother had been a captain for a few months, and impatiently waited for an opportunity to signalize himself, when the fortune of war turned entirely against us. The French army appeared on our frontiers. Don Giovanni, faithful to his king, hastened to join his standard, and rejoiced at finding himself on the field of battle among the descendants of the ancient Samnites. This young and gallant soldier, animated with the heroic ardour of his ancestors, would not even admit the possibility of being conquered. What was his indignation when he saw those soldiers fly whom he had judged to be invincible ! Furious, and inconsolable, he defended, supported by a few brave companions, a most important

defile; but being soon dangerously wounded, he was borne off senseless to a spot in the neighbourhood of Naples, where I then resided with one of my friends. As soon as I heard of my brother's deplorable situation, I hastened to his relief, but his wounds did not so much affect him as the defeat our country had sustained. When his wounds were sufficiently healed he resolved to quit Naples. "I cannot conquer alone," he cried, "I must therefore henceforth be content with pouring forth my solitary wishes for the prosperity of my country."

"Don Giovanni desired me to follow him to a villa which we possess at the foot of Mount Gargano, and promised to give me an amiable companion. The beautiful Laura was the pride and ornament of Ortona; I knew that my brother loved her, and that his passion was tenderly requited. I was delighted to learn that their union would shortly take place, and that we should dwell in this delightful valley where peace and happiness would no doubt attend us. He set off for Ortona, to fetch his charming bride, and I awaited his return to Naples with inexpressible impatience. The most delightful ideas possessed my imagination, I painted with all the enthusiasm of youth the happiness we were hastening to enjoy; and on the day fixed for my brother's return my spirits were elevated to the most extravagant height. Alas! how different were the morning and evening of that dreadful day! Don Giovanni came and threw himself on a chair without looking at, hearing or embracing me; the paleness of death overspread his face, and I soon perceived that reason had quite forsaken him.

"The faithful domestic who had attended him apprized me of his misfortune: Don Giovanni entered Ortona with all the anxiety and eagerness of the most ardent love, but was immediately alarmed at the frightful disorder which reigned throughout the city. He learnt that an Algerine corsair whose sails and streamers were yet visible near the shore had made an incursion in the night and ravaged the whole city. The barbarians, after having assassinated all who made any shew of resistance, carried off an immense treasure, and made slaves of several of the inhabitants. Don Giovanni flew to the abode of Laura. He found her guardian lifeless on the floor, and was informed that the corsairs had just conveyed away the dear object of his affections. My brother, desperate and almost distracted at the intelligence, ran to the sea-side and plunged into the waves, extending his arms towards



the vessel which had just set sail. Some fishermen rescued my brother from his perilous situation, and with the assistance of his servant conveyed him to an inn. A burning fever succeeded, and in his delirium one only object seemed to present itself—Laura expiring under the dagger of an assassin. For several days he struggled between life and death: at length he grew better, but, plunged into the most dreadful apathy, preserving an obstinate silence, and sometimes giving himself up to a convulsive sorrow, he recovered his health without regaining his reason, or his repose. Our old servant contrived however by means of several artifices to bring him back to Naples. The day after his return he had some intervals of reason, but these served only to awaken the recollection of his loss, and again brought on the fever, which defied every effort of the medical art. “The tender assiduities of friendship (said his physician) alone can save him; let him travel, try to sooth him, and by various amusements divert his attention. He may by these means perhaps recover his faculties.” I would have given my life to save my brother. I resolved to devote it to his service.

“We set off for this place. To avoid the heat we travelled by night. The repose and freshness of evening appeared to alleviate my brother’s grief. I prevailed on him, from this consideration, to rest during the day. We arrived at this pleasant retreat where we had passed the happy moments of infancy. It was now that I employed every means my own heart could suggest to assuage the anguish of his; but all my attentions were ineffectual. I ventured one day to pronounce the name of Laura; this cherished name made an impression on his soul as instantaneous as deep; he started from his seat and regarded me with earnestness. I took my lyre; I sang to him an air which Laura had formerly composed for him. He suddenly sprang into my arms, and the tears fell in torrents from his eyes. I was in hopes I had accomplished my point. This salutary crisis was succeeded by a total abstraction. When he came to himself again, I shewed him Laura’s letters, and her portrait. I spoke of her, he shed tears in abundance. He began to understand me, and venting his grief upon the bosom of a sister’s friendship, his reason returned. Since that time he has gradually recovered the judgment and fine manly qualities with which nature had so eminently endowed him; but the clearness of day agitates and distresses him. His favourite hour is that

when others sleep, and he loves to wander at the dead of night among the dark woods which surround our dwelling. I am the constant companion of these nocturnal ramblings; the sound of my lyre consoles and pleases him. He delights in watching with me the rising and setting of the sun, and his despair has given place to a melancholy which seems to afford him a sort of gloomy enjoyment. But I hope that one day the serenity of his mind will be completely restored, and what delight shall I not then feel at the reflection that I have contributed to the restoration of a brother whom I so much love. He is now (continued Caroline) reading some of Laura's letters. He will soon be thinking of his second walk, and you shall accompany us, provided you can for once sacrifice a whole night's repose."

I had listened to Caroline's recital with admiration. I could not help shedding tears. "Ah! (I ejaculated to myself) Caroline is not indeed romantic, but she is good and compassionate, she has a tender heart, a prudent head, and her vivacity lends an unspeakable grace to all her words and actions." She more and more interested my heart.

Don Giovanni returned; he seemed a little agitated. It was evident that he had been weeping. He saluted me without appearing to recollect me. How I pitied his misfortune! and how much was I affected at the kiss which his sister gave as she asked him, with assumed gaiety, to take a walk with us by the sea side! She turned at the same time towards me and took my arm. Don Giovanni observed that I should be too much fatigued. She briskly assured him to the contrary, and we were just about to quit the saloon when a loud knocking was heard at the gate, which was immediately opened, and we distinguished the light footstep of a female, who in a voice broken with agitation enquired for Don Giovanni. Giovanni uttered a piercing cry. Laura entered, and her lover fell insensible at her feet. To describe the raptures of Don Giovanni when, on recovering his recollection, he found himself in the arms of Caroline and his beloved Laura, would be quite impossible. It was some time before Laura was in a condition to communicate the following particulars.

"My unhappy guardian expired in my presence. Two Algerines took me in their arms notwithstanding my cries and feeble efforts of resistance, and hurried me away towards the vessel in which they intended to have placed

me, when several musquet shots were fired close to us. Some of the inhabitants of Ortona endeavoured to protect their property from the corsairs ; the two men who held me suddenly placed me on the ground and ran towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded, in the hope, no doubt, of profiting by the darkness of the night to add to the spoils with which my countryman had already enriched them. I summoned all my strength and courage : fear gave me wings, and I ran all night along the sea shore, in the hope of reaching Termoli. I arrived there at the dawn of the next day, but was almost dead with fear and fatigue. I had but just strength enough to throw myself at the feet of a female friend of my guardian and beseech her to take compassion on me. For fifteen days she attended on me with a care truly maternal. A dangerous illness brought me to the brink of the grave. Her kind solicitude preserved my life, but I recovered only to learn what my dear Giovanni had suffered at Ortona.

“ Fearing for your health, and even for your life, sinking under the weight of the most frightful apprehensions, I formed the resolution of joining you at Naples, but had the unhappiness to learn, on my arrival there, that you had left the city. I wished immediately to depart from a place on this account so uninteresting to me, but was obliged to remain to go through certain formalities which the recent change in the government required. I wished at least to write to you. I was told that the post in time of war was too precarious to be depended upon. Alas ! what could I do ! love, all powerful as he is, cannot overturn the regulations of an empire.

“ These delays and a thousand others occupied a month, the longest and most anxious of my life. At the end of this period I obtained the necessary passports, and set off for this place. Had I not known that Caroline was here, and that Giovanni possessed in her the best of sisters, the most affectionate of friends, I would have hazarded every thing to have reached my Giovanni sooner ; I would have put on a disguise, travelled on foot, nay risked my life rather than—”

Don Giovanni interrupted Laura by a kiss full of gratitude and affection. “ O love ! (thought I) what an additional lustre hast thou thrown over the beauty of Laura !—Ah, if Caroline could thus love !” I contemplated them both ; my heart palpitated as I beheld the blushing cheeks of the lovely Laura, her speaking



eyes, her attractive graces, the intoxication of her joy, the agitation of her whole frame. Like a full coloured rose she quickly engaged and gratified the eye. But Caroline ! Caroline so artless, so calm, so perfect, appeared to me like an angel of light, free like him from the impetuous passions, and like him dispensing happiness and comfort.

A few days afterwards I quitted this happy, this interesting family. I shall hold them in eternal remembrance.

†

## OBSERVATIONS UPON ANTS.

[Resumed from Vol. II. p. 219]

## LETTER II.

I have said before, that there were three ants-nests in that box or *parterre*, which formed, if I may so say, the different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order, their corn was finer ; they had a greater plenty of provisions ; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger : it was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain ; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects : ants are afraid of water ; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and don't come out till the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain : There was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest, in the day time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strong-

est, surrounded that piece of slate and drew it equally in a wonderful order : they removed it in the morning, and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, and left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain : they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other ; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants-nests, that were troubled with the rain : As for the capital nest, there was no need of exerting my charity towards it.

The following curious experiment, I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants-nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants much larger than all those I had already seen ; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ants-nest, and laid, as it were, the foundation of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box ; and because I was afraid, they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle ; but none of them would stay in it : They went away in less than two hours ; which made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was very much surprised to see the ants-nest, which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gun-powder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, where

by the whole nest was overthrown ; and then I carried as many ants, as I could get, into the place, which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night ; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation ; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their hole. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

An ant never goes into another nest but her own ; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, and put her into another ; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant ; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole : many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he was pursued by some assassins. But the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into another hole than their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape : They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity ; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They don't exercise hospitality ; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest ; and those that live in it carry them in.

They keep up a sort of trade among themselves ; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending. I know the contrary : they lend their corn ; they make exchanges ; they are always ready to serve one another ; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and



wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend, and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I don't think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves: perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees: their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said, that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also vexed by small worms; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they punished those ants, which probably had been wanting to their duty: nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner: Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, till she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their lives: their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals: They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they have nothing of their own: a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock: it is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community: there is no distinction between a private and a common interest: an ant never works for herself, but for the society.

Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it: nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that *mercury* has

hitherto proved a mortal poison for them ; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case ; perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to *mercury*.

## THE COLLECTOR.

No. IV.

*Collatis undique membris.*—HOR.

## MANON L'ESCAUT, A FRENCH NOVEL.

THIS production, to me highly interesting, describes the errors and eccentricities of a hot-headed infatuated young man, of keen sensibility, and apparently not without discernment, well educated, and, till he beheld Manon, of sober life and conversation ; but suddenly fascinated by a little syren, who yielding to the ardor of a first passion, met him with mutual rapture, and at first, with maiden vows.

But after a short, a transitory interval of ecstasy and rapture, the frail fair one confessing herself unable to struggle with the hardships of poverty, forsook her lover, the moment his purse was empty, and dispensed her favours without partiality or affection, to the highest bidder : coolly defending her conduct, on the ground of absolute, unavoidable necessity.

Yet the fatal attachment of our headstrong youth, continues ardent and unabated, in spite of parental remonstrance, or amicable interference ; and notwithstanding the most damning proofs of a total absence of delicacy or a feeling heart, those indispensable requisites, without which, youth and beauty, with most men, lose half their attractions.

Unbiassed by duty, unsubdued by conviction, uncooled by suffering, he pursues the giddy unprincipled fair one through the various, the rapid contrasts of luxurious elevation, and wretched deprivation, which the life of a prostitute so regularly affords.

Stimulated by want, and exhausted by thoughtless prodigality she loses, as is generally the case with women who cease to value chastity, she gradually loses sight of moral rectitude ; Manon, the frail, the faithless, but

still in her admirer's eyes, the lovely but unfortunate Manon, whose virgin vows he had first received, Manon becomes obnoxious to the violated laws of her country.

From a loathsome dungeon, in which she had been confined, with her head shaved, in chains, and wrapped in the coarsest of garments, she is conveyed on ship-board; the guilty associate of a crowd of hardened wretches, and doomed, a miserable exile, to a dreary uncivilized coast.

An account of her destiny reaches the lover, in a retirement to which the salutary restraint of paternal care had removed him: he bursts from confinement, traces, and at length overtakes the squalid groupe, on their journey to the sea-port, and bribes the conductor to permit him to accompany them: satisfied, if after all his hardships, he can catch the averted grief-swollen eye of Manon, whisper comfort to her soul, and if possible, lighten those fetters which weigh down her tender limbs, and bear hard on that bosom he had so often pressed to his own, and kissed ten thousand times.

Such are the animated expressions, such the sentiments, and such the conduct of desperate passion, of fondness or romance, which age and wisdom will hear with indignation or contempt, but which are actually and frequently exhibited between fourteen and twenty-one; at a period when the impulse of unhallowed delight too often reigns triumphant, undisturbed, and unalloyed by prudence, or common-sense; a stormy unpropitious period, which frequently shipwrecks our future peace, and which every serious man may be thankful he has weathered and passed over.

After eluding the anxious enquiries and researches of his family, and submitting to shame, distress, and ridicule, he actually embarks, transports himself with a lawless band of outcasts, felons and impures; exposes himself to the perils of a sea voyage, the stench and suffocation of a ship's hold, the company and abominations it contains, still more loathsome and execrable.

He swallows, without repining, the black mouldy substance which they give for bread, and the scanty allowance of a fluid which has little resemblance to water, and which he is obliged to strain between his teeth before he can swallow it; still thinking himself happy, if he is permitted to place himself near Manon, to rest her head on his bosom, occasionally breathe a sigh of sympathy and condolence, and *in turn* convey her to the



grating of the hatchway, to recover her by a little air, from the effects of the noisome, pestilential vapour in which they are enveloped.

They arrive at the land of desolation, where solitude alone is safety, where to behold the face of man, the wildest and most blood-thirsty of all its inhabitants is certain death, where to be seen is to be devoured. The frame of Manon is not formed to endure the fatigues, and meet the evils which await her; she sickens and pines.

Shocked, after all his efforts, that Manon is likely to be snatched from his arms, he submits, in agonies, to the regulation which separates the sexes during the hours of repose.

Tortured with fears that he shall not find her alive in the morning, he starts from broken unrefreshing slumbers, and concealed by the midnight gloom, darts to her mattress; in a mingled tumult of hope, fear, regret, and fond delight; he seizes her in his arms, conveys her from the hovel, and without exactly knowing whither to go, takes the first path which presents itself; eager to find some friendly solitude, some den or cave, where he may himself administer to her support, by the fruits of the earth, and restore her health by tranquillity, a purer air, and the chrystal stream.

A furious tempest overtakes them, one of those tremendous hurricanes, which it is impossible for a European, who has not visited such latitudes, to form an adequate idea of. Ministering angels of vengeance are almost seen and heard 'to ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm;' thunderings which shake creation to its axis, clouds bursting in torrents, and winds alternately blowing from every quarter; hurling into chaos and destruction animals, trees, and habitations, and blurring, in hideous havoc, the fair face of nature; scenes compared to which, the utmost fury of an English blast, is little more than the zephyr of a summer evening.

Manon, already worn down with pain and sorrow, sinks under the complicated horrors of her situation; after confessing the kindness of her lover, and her own unworthiness, after the last sad sighs of tardy unavailing repentance, she faints in his arms; he watches the last struggle of departing life, she closes her eyes for ever.

Her heart is no longer the seat  
Of sickness, of anguish and pain,  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.

The unhappy man passes the remainder of the night amidst the war of contending elements, mingling curses and imprecations with the howlings of the wind, and peltings of the storm; and impiously reproaching providence, for not crushing him with a thunder-bolt at the moment of Manon's death.

As day-light approaches, he digs a grave with his own hands, in the loose soil of that country, to protect the clay-cold lifeless form he still adores, from wild beasts; he deposits his last, his only treasure, in the earth, and has scarcely finished the melancholy, the last labour of love, before exhausted nature yields to fatigue, and despair, he falls into a stupor, becomes speechless and insensible, and is discovered in this helpless state, by persons sent in pursuit of the fugitives.

The peculiar circumstances of his case, and the anxious enquiries of friends, at length restore him to his family, but never to perfect health and peace of mind.

Such is the rapid, incorrect outline of a romance, which once considerably agitated my feelings; and though many years have passed since its perusal, I cannot contemplate the incidents it relates without emotion.

Yet, as a literary production, it has been pronounced contrary to probability, nature and experience.

The critics assert, that how much soever any man might be fascinated by first love, by the mingled bliss of intellectual esteem, and sensual passion; they insist that it is impossible for an attachment to continue so unalterable and immoveable as this novel describes, against the repeated attacks of unfaithfulness, profligacy, indiscriminate impurity, vicious propensity, and criminal indecorum; shocking circumstances, sufficient to clear the thickest mist from before the eyes of the most doating lover, and to wake the most carnal of voluptuaries from his amorous romantic dream.

To many of the critical observations, and most of the moral deductions brought against the author, if I mistake not the Abbé Prevot, I feel myself compelled to assent, but as to the impossibility of so infatuating an attachment, I differ from him widely in opinion; I was! and sad to say, I *still feel* myself a melancholy proof in favor of the possibility of such a character as the lover of Manon, existing, with all its miserable self delusions!!!

Seduced in the dawn of early manhood, by the fairest of forms, by health's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam, by accomplishment, and endowments, trans-

cedent and incomparable in the glowing, creative imagination of a boy, in full health, strong spirits, and overflowing with classic imagery, pastoral and romance, and impatient for a nymph, at whose feet he might pour forth an inexhaustible store of tenderness and love.

Yielding to the most intoxicating of all deliriums, I was lost beyond redemption, in the tumultuous bliss of ungovernable passion, before I discovered the object of all my hopes and all my fears, worthless like Manon, and even outstripping her in flagitious enormity.

While undeniable fact stared me in the face, and incontrovertible conviction planted daggers in my heart, guilty pleasure and busy fancy softened abominable delinquency and odious crime, into female frailty and venial error.

What we wish, we are too ready to believe, and nothing but a violent, a sudden, a dreadful death, a death for many years never absent from my thoughts, and brought on, as I have good reason to think, in contriving my own, no other possible event could have prevented me from pursuing the giddy, vain, the guilty, but enchanting creature, to present and everlasting destruction.

Inscrutable are the ways of providence ! what I considered, and at the moment deplored, as the death-wound to all my happiness, saved me from everlasting perdition !

It is difficult to argue on such instances of self-deception, for what rule of right reason can be applied to that, which is confessedly a mere affair of the passions, a mechanical operation of eyes and of nerves.

Desire, like faith, depends not on the will ; it is impossible for the firmest man of us all to say truly, and without mental reservation, I will, or I will not believe such and such propositions ; I will, or will not dislike such or such persons ; the business, in both these cases, appears to be carried on, if not wholly, at least in a great measure, independent of violation ; we may protest and swear to our belief in the one, we may resolve to detest, and fly from the other, yet in spite of ourselves, the independent principles of faith, determined by evidence, and of incitements, which it is not easy to explain or controul, will remain firm and unmoved.

Fancy, in the golden morning of life, is a dangerous, an artful pleader, and if she once condescends to receive a retaining fee from inclination, her power becomes irre-



sistible; she can bring forward, in splendid colours, the fair proportions and attractive features of any object; throw into the back ground, or cover with impenetrable shade, the distortions she wishes to conceal, while judgment and sober reason are paralysed by the magic wand of this omnipotent enchantress.

If custom indeed could diminish indiscretion, and prevalent example deprive sin of her guilty blushes, I might have hesitated still less in making this uncreditable confession. For other characters than myself, men of strong intellect and high attainment, have had their Manons, over whose follies, falsehoods, and crimes, fond incredulity, and unbounded indulgence have thrown a convenient veil.

The records of our courts of justice, and the registers of Doctors' Commons, would produce numerous instances; these Circes, these Calypsoes of modern times, have equally and as easily converted the first of men, and the most contemptible of drivellers, into reptiles that creep, or brutes that wallow.

Proceeding on *the theory of agreeable sensations*, totally independent of moral beauty, or decorum, how often have we seen a foul adultress and unfeeling mother, the mercenary betrayer of her husband and benefactor, the deserter of her infant children, become a fashionable character, looked up to, and adored, idolized by the men, and envied by the women?

How frequently has the pallid, impure, unwholesome appendage of a house of infamy, devoted to any rogue or any ruffian, who can present a pistol, manœuvre a dice-box, or dexterously *sport a volunteer*, at the decisive moment of a rubber; how often have we seen this white-washed, beplaistered, bescented sepulchre of pleasure, transformed into the goddess of the night; while fame, fortune, duty, and affection, were sacrificed, trampled on, and forgotten?

Even friendship, to which we owe so much, that cordial drop, which induces us to swallow so many bitter draughts; friendship too often is the dupe of ill design, while our senses and understandings appear to acquiesce in the deception; let me ask the wisest and most cautious of all my readers, if some of the pleasantest and most intimate of their associates are not, to their own knowledge, unprincipled rascals, and designing, artful knaves; while the company of their real friends, of high intellect

and attainment, who have given repeated proofs of good sense, and the most disinterested affection, has been submitted to, with torpid indifference, or avoided with ungrateful industry?

If it should be asked, how is the rising generation to be preserved from the assaults of furious passion, the delusions of wayward imagination, and the snares of venal beauty, this is my answer, indent early on their tender minds religious impression; as they advance in years, chuse pure society for them abroad, remove the contamination of bad example from them at home; to the force of early precept, add the efficacy of good example; be yourself what you wish your children to be.

Having laid your foundation on the adamantine rocks of reason and religion, the next great business is occupation; let your young men have as little leisure as possible, not a second of time more than is necessary for exercise, and refreshment; let their mornings, that great, that sacred, that irrecoverable portion of a man's life, be regularly devoted to literary application, personal, salutary accomplishment, or reputable pursuit. He who lounges the best half of his day at a subscription house, gallops it away in Rotten-row, or saunters it down St. James's-street, must inevitably sink into *ennui*, without his bottle, his mistress, or faro at night.

If you have any regard for the body, soul, or estate of your descendants, find them useful, reputable occupation, or they will inevitably procure for themselves, that which is destructive; find for them, or qualify them to find for themselves, occupation: subject not your unhappy darling, whom you fondly consider as the staff and comfort of your age, to that most abject and lowest state of vassalage and wretchedness, which exclaims with yawning mouth and out-stretched arms, "*I know not what to do with myself*:" such a character must tread the paths of sin, and ultimately arrive at everlasting destruction.

If rank and fortune place your son above the salutary spur of ambition, in the professional roads of law, divinity or physic; if parliamentary or diplomatic pursuits have no attractions in his eye, create for him artificial wants; let him travel, plant, water, build, marry, collect coins, paint, draw, collate, select, or compile, do all things, or almost any thing, climb precipices, bury himself in mines, descend beneath the ocean, rather than beat the

fashionable rounds, and join *the joyous miserable train*, who perambulate our streets, crowd our coffee-houses, disturb our theatres, and infest our watering places; an idle, vicious, uninformed, restless, unhappy herd; the dupes of wretched females, or the plunder of cabaling gamblers, the terror of decent women, the disgrace and torment of their friends, their families, and themselves.

But for impressing salutary admonition, and making useful deduction, it would seem unnecessary and harsh to disturb the halcyon days of domestic felicity, to depress the hopes of a rising family, and augment parental anxieties; but in so momentous a concern, "we must be cruel only to be kind," and there is not an axiom more probable in theory, more confirmed by practice, than the following: he whose entrance into life, is not devoted to toil, inured to labor, and application, who is not formed to habits of rigorous discipline, and self-denial, deprives himself of the necessary qualifications for future happiness; the most favorable termination of an opposite conduct is languid and despicable insipidity; but, in most cases, as we are all formed with active tendencies, a career of wickedness, ending in calamity, for which there is no remedy, and in woes, which will not terminate with death.

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#### THE DISTRESSES OF THE POOR.

*Blessed is he who remembereth the poor.*

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WERE there no misery or distress in the world, there would be few occasions for exercising that benevolence, which excites gratitude and thankfulness on one hand, and the tender emotions of sympathy and humanity on the other. Conscious as we are, that no one is exempt from the painful vicissitudes of life, and that the blessed to day may to morrow experience a bitter reverse; the child of woe is always an object of commiseration, and should excite in our hearts that kind of compassion, and obtain that aid from us, which we should look for, were such afflictions suffered to overtake us.

Various are the occasions to excite the sympathetic feelings of the human heart, for distress appears in a



thousand shapes ; but perhaps there are none more deserving of our attention, than abject poverty, particularly at this time, when the inclemency of the season requires additional expences, and when families, who have been supported by industry and labour, are many of them robbed of this support by the exigences of war, and compelled to depend upon the scanty and precarious assistance of the parish. Many who are permitted to continue with their families are obliged to labour in all the severe changes of weather, and are consequently more liable to violent diseases and aggravated want. Their families are often numerous, their habitations close and confined, and, when a fever or any infectious disease is once introduced, it extends its malignity and augments desolation and misery : for the arm of the father, upon which a family of helpless children naturally depend for support, is thus equally prostrate with the babe at the breast. Sickness under every exterior comfort excites our solicitude and concern ; but what a picture of human woe is exhibited, when want, penury, and pain, constitute the pillow !

The benevolence of this nation is great beyond comparison ; and, when real distress is known, some tender bosom overflows with comfort and succour ; but the chief examples of misery are unknown and unrelieved ; many there are too diffident to apply for aid, or ignorant how to do it ; some of these pine away in solitary want, till death closes their sufferings : numbers, however, rather than silently suffer their husbands, their wives, and their children, utterly to perish, supplicate our aid in the public streets and private avenues ; but unfortunately for them, the prevalent opinion, that there is somewhere abundant provision for the poor, and that idleness, not necessity, prompts their petitions, induces many to refuse that pittance, which would prove no loss to themselves, and in some instances might save a life.

In some diseases the attack is violent, and the progress rapid ; and before the settlement of a poor helpless object can be ascertained, death decides the controversy.

I know that many undeserving objects intrude upon the benevolent, to the injury of real distress ; but, rather than those should suffer all the pangs of misery unpitied and unaided, some enquiry might be made, and their case ascertained ; were this tried, it would frequently bring us acquainted with situations and circumstances of

misery which cannot be described : acquaintance with such scenes of human woe would equally excite thankfulness for ourselves, and compassion for our fellow creatures, who are visited with sufferings and pangs from which we have hitherto been providentially, if not undeservedly, preserved.

These sentiments were the result of a morning walk in the metropolis, which introduced the writer into some situations of real life, the relation of which, he trusts, will not be unacceptable to those benevolent minds, who think,

To pity human woe,  
Is what the happy to the unhappy owe.

*A Morning walk in the Metropolis.*

“ About the beginning of December, on going out of my house door, I was accosted by a tall thin man, whose countenance exhibited such a picture of distress and poverty as fixed my attention, and induced me to enquire into his situation. He informed me that he was a day-labourer, just recovering from sickness, and that feeble as he then was, in order to procure sustenance for a sick family at home, he was compelled to seek for work, and to exert himself much beyond his strength ; and he added, that he lived in a court called Little Greenwich, in Aldersgate street. This poor object seemed to feel distress too deeply to be an impostor : and I could not avoid bestowing some means of obviating his present want, for which he retired bowing, with tears in his eyes ; but when he got out of sight, his image was present with me : I was then sorry that my generosity had not been equal to my sensibility, and this induced me to attempt finding out his family. He had mentioned that his name was Foy, and by the information he gave me, I discovered his miserable habitation : with difficulty I found my way up a dark passage and stair case to a little chamber furnished with one bedstead ; an old box was the only article that answered the purpose of a chair, the furniture of the bed consisted of a piece of old ticken, and a worn-out blanket, which constituted the only couch, except the floor, whercon this afflicted family could recline their heads to rest : and what a scene did they present ! near the centre of the bed lay the mother with half a shift, and covered as high as the middle with the blanket. She was incapable of telling her complaints—The spittle, for want of some fluid to moisten her mouth, had dried upon

her lips, which were black, as were likewise the gums, the concomitants of a putrid fever, the disorder under which she laboured. At another end of the blanket was extended a girl about five years old; it had rolled from under this covering, and was totally naked, except its back, on which a blister plaster was tied by a piece of packthread crossed over her breast; and, though labouring under this dreadful fever, the poor creature was asleep. On one side of his mother lay a naked boy, about two years old; this little innocent was likewise sleeping. On the other side of the mother, on the floor, or rather on an old box, lay a girl about twelve years old; she was in part covered with her gown and petticoat, but she had no shift. The fever had not bereaved her of her senses: she was perpetually moaning out, "I shall die for thirst, pray give me some water to drink." Near her stood another girl, about four years old, bare-footed: her whole covering was a loose piece of petticoat thrown over her shoulders: and to this infant it was that her sister was crying for water.

I now experienced how greatly the sight of real misery exceeds the description of it. What a contrast did this scene exhibit to the plenty and elegance which reigned within the extent of a few yards only - for this miserable receptacle was opposite to the stately edifice of an honourable alderman, and still nearer were many spacious houses and shops.

I have observed, that the daughter who was stretched on the floor was still able to speak. She told me that something was the matter with her mother's side, and asked me to look at it. I turned up an edge of the blanket, and found that a very large mortification had taken place, extending from the middle of her body to the middle of the thigh, and of a hand's breadth; the length was upwards of half a yard, and to stop its progress nothing had been applied. It was a painful sight to behold; and many not less painful exist in this metropolis. I procured medical assistance immediately, and for a trifling gratuity got a neighbour to nurse the family. The churchwarden, to whom I made application, heard their history with concern, and added his humane aid, to rescue from death a poor and almost expiring family. I have, however, the pleasure to conclude this relation of their unspeakable distress, by communicating their total deliverance from it, which I think, may be justly attributed to the timely assistance administered.

J. C. L.



## OBSERVATIONS ON PARIS,

BY AN ITALIAN.\*

“THE king alone is obeyed ; when you have rendered what is due to the master, in every thing else you may live perfectly as you please. In the streets, you are not obliged to pull off your hat to any one, be they who they may, except the sacrament when it is carrying to sick persons. The lowest of the people enjoy the same privileges. They give way to no one. They are not liable to the most trifling injury ; and indeed they are more to be feared than persons of higher rank, not feeling the inconvenience that subsists in republics, where a thousand masters command an infinite number of slaves.

To-day, the morning was wet, at noon the weather was fine, then it snowed, and all at once a violent storm arose accompanied by rain ; at last the air grew calm, and the sun appeared, which ended the day agreeably. Such is the climate of Paris ; a warm evening follows a cold morning. The elements here are in a continual revolution, and the seasons almost always uncertain. The heavens are never at rest, and their influence is always irregular ; or at least its perseverance is always in what is bad, especially in winter, which lasts here eight months with all the rigours of the season, which follow each other in perpetual succession ; rain, snow, hail, frost, chilling mists, and a dark horizon, that hides the sun for whole months together.

As for their horses, they beat them, they castrate them ; and when they cannot torment them any further. they give them the disgusting figure of apes, by cutting off their tails and ears.”

Would not one suppose we were reading an account of London by a foreigner, or rather by a conceited and splenetic Englishman just returned from his travels ? And, if the first part be true, what could the people of Paris gain by a revolution ?

P.

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\* From a work published in 1709.

## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

## PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

*An Abridgment of the Light of Nature pursued, By Abraham Tucker, Esq. originally published in Seven Volumes, under the name of Edward Search, Esq. Johnson, 8vo. 1807. London.*

[Concluded from Page 31.]

There are very few whose minds are properly adapted to metaphysical disquisition. A coolness of inquiry must be combined with a habit of steady and minute analysis, otherwise there is great danger that we shall misapply the principles of reason, and embarrass rather than enlighten those who cultivate this valuable branch of science. But notwithstanding the value of accuracy and precision, we have often to condemn in this class of writers an occasional stretch of exactness which carries them to the borders of error. In our author's chapter on JUDGMENT, we meet with something of this kind:—"As judgment" says he, "appears to be a different exertion of the mind from mere perception, we often find it necessary to hold objects a considerable time in contemplation before we can decide concerning them; but in things familiar to us, the judgment rises instantaneously on the first view of the objects. A man knows his own horse, his own house, or his own servant, at first sight, without taking a moment's time to consider, insomuch that we confound this with the evidence of sense, which we abuse without reason for perpetually deceiving us; whereas *the senses cannot well deceive, because, strictly speaking, they never inform us of any thing.* We are only sensible of certain appearances, which, as far as they are appearances, are always true; it is our former knowledge of things, that is, our memory and imagination, that lead us to make certain conclusions concerning what they are, and herein we are often mistaken."

To say that our senses never inform us of any thing, is not *strictly speaking*, but *speaking absurdly*. A man

could not tell his own horse from another with his eyes shut. He has no other evidence than his senses, which inform him that it is his horse, his house, or his servant. Dr. Tucker would have done well to have acquainted us with the real source of all that intelligence which, according to them, we erroneously suppose ourselves to receive through the medium of the senses. It is certainly true that many persons speak of their senses as deceiving them, in cases where they do not represent things to be what they know that in reality they are; and this mode of speaking is no doubt in many instances unphilosophical and incorrect. And thus, when standing on the top of the monument, persons walking in the streets below appear to be little more than a foot high; now though they are actually much bigger, yet our senses do not in this instance deceive us; they inform us that men, nearly six feet high, appear at the distance we are from them to be little more than one foot high, which is true; if we would ascertain their size at a less distance, we must approach nearer.

The following remarks are extremely just, and they teach a truth which well deserves to be remembered.—“There are various degrees of strength in our opinions from the lowest possibility to the highest assurance, which we call certainty. If our premises are slender, they will only bear a proportionable weight of conviction to rest upon them; but many slight probabilities conspiring to one point, may supply in number what they want in strength; as one may make a prodigious glare with rush candles, provided we light up enough of them. Repetition of the same evidence will sometimes answer the same purpose as a multitude of proofs. *Indeed, a bare assertion, repeated over and over again, may supply the place of evidence; the tenets of a sect or party, continually chimed in men's ears, without any argument to support them, will gain at length the most implicit faith.*”---We believe the reader, if he is at all acquainted with mankind, will have often found occasion to assent to the truth of this remark.

In the chapter on “Habitual Attachments,” there is somewhat of that diffusive and desultory manner which on subjects of this kind seldom lead to any solid or satisfactory conclusion. “The perpetual *tendency* of any thing” says Dr. Tucker, “to what will greatly please us renders it pleasant of itself;” this is certainly true,



but its truth is not happily illustrated in the instance which he adduces in support of it.

“The most remarkable instance of this” says he, “is in the case of money. Every body will acknowledge that the *value* of money arises *solely from the use of it*.” Now we doubt whether this position will be so readily admitted, since it is not correctly true, but confounds the distinction between value *in use*, and value *in exchange*. The value of a plough, or a spinning machine, arises from their *use*, but the value of money arises solely from the power it gives any one of *exchanging* it for these or any other articles he may wish to procure. A farmer in the midst of a desert, with his cattle and implements of husbandry, might maintain himself in comfort and abundance; all his possessions would have their value *in use*, but without these, though he should possess as many chests of *money* as he could count, yet having no means of *exchanging* it for the supply of his wants, so far would he be from acknowledging that the value of money arose *solely from the use of it*, that he would presently discover that it had no use at all.

The following proposition likewise seems as faulty as the former—“Of this kind also are, for the most part, our attachment to particular places and persons, not for the sake of any thing better in them than others, but because we have been used to them, and received most of our pleasures through their means or in their company.”—But surely this is to mistake the *cause* for the *effect*; it is not because we feel most pleasure in the company of particular persons that we are attached to them, but it is our attachment to them which makes us feel most pleasure in their company. How is it, moreover, that we form strong attachments to those whose society we even find it difficult to procure often, and prefer them to those whose society we are accustomed to, if our attachment *does not arise from any thing better in them than in others*, but merely *because we have been used to them*? If this be true, how is the affection sustained, and sometimes even strengthened by separation, and what moreover could have *at first* created the *preference* which gave birth to attachment?

In the chapter on the *PASSIONS*, there is much just observation. “The strongest examples of love” it is said, “are those of friendship, of the sexes, and of parents towards their children. Friendship proceeds from

long intimacy, mutual interests, and similarity of temper, which engage men in the same common pursuits and pleasures, till their society becomes almost necessary to each other. The love lighted by sexual desire too commonly burns with the grossest flame, and is rather of the instrumental kind than the personal, men looking on the beloved object only as a means of gratifying their own desires. Nor can this love be counted really such, till by communication of interests, and partnership in amusement of all kinds, we have joined a thorough friendship to it, and till we have learned to forego our dearest pleasures, when they are perceived to be hurtful or displeasing to the object beloved; for if a man cannot do this, his passion is to please himself, and not another."

The following distinction pointed out between passion and habit is ingenious and accurate, and in the remark which concludes it there is great truth and great shrewdness.—"Passion works by vehemence and impetuosity, bearing down all opposition, and can only be mastered by strong resolution, and that not without difficulty. But habit prevails by perseverance and importunity, it steals upon you imperceptibly, or teazes you into compliance, it is easily restrained at any time with a little attention, but the moment you relax in your vigilance, it returns back again, and is extremely difficult to be eradicated. Passion grows feeble with age, but habit gathers strength. Old people are the hardest of all others to be put out of their way, and in the few desires they have remaining, shew a great deal of stubbornness, but very little of the eagerness of passion. And when they are devoted to any object, it is not so much from the strength of their attachment to it, as from the feebleness of their desires leaving it without any competitor."

Speaking of the different sources of beauty, it is well remarked that "the most plentiful source of beauty is expression. It is this which gives a commanding majesty, a winning softness and other graces to the countenance; for the face being a picture of the mind, whatever amiable qualities are discerned there, give a lustre to the features expressing them. Therefore in our descriptions of beauty, we commonly employ epithets borrowed from the sentiments, such as a cheerful, an innocent, an honest, or a sensible countenance. Beauty in the other sex delights us more, because we are more in-

terested in it. Women, on the contrary, are very bad judges of one another's persons, because they are not affected by them: they judge by rules, not by what they feel."

In the third book this writer brings some most important topics before the religious reader, who, if he examine them carefully, will find many hints which an enquiring mind may pursue with considerable advantage. His observations on the Goodness of God, and on Providence, are many of them admirable, and are elucidated with peculiar strength and clearness. In the chapter on EQUALITY, which enforces the doctrine of the impartial goodness of God to all his creatures and to all classes of existence, the great importance of that precept of our religion is urged upon us which enjoins us to love our fellow-creatures as such, and independently of his qualities natural or acquired: much valuable matter is here thrown into a note, which we extract, fearful lest in that form it should escape the attention it deserves.

"We are directed to take the pattern of our charity from self-love, and taught to love our neighbour, not as we do our child, our brother, or our friend, but as we do *ourselves*; now we do not love ourselves for being handsome, or wise, or witty, or good-tempered, or accomplished, or virtuous, or born in such a place or family, not for any adjunct or circumstance belonging to us, but for being ourselves. If we be distempered, deformed, wretched, or involved in crimes, this does not abate our fondness, which rests solely on the person, and follows it through all changes; and we ought, as far as we can, to feel the same *personal* regard for *others*, and desire for their happiness, however circumstanced. But I think nothing is more likely to contribute to this disposition than some such scheme as I have here marked out, for we shall thus be accustomed to disregard all petty distinctions, and outward circumstances, as subject to perpetual change, and to consider nothing as permanently belonging to the individual, but that essential capacity for happiness, which he has in common with us. What though we see nothing in the greater part of our fellow-creatures to engage our affection at present, we may know that in the worst formed bodies and most untoward organizations, there lies an immortal spirit, which we may hope will one day be a partaker with ourselves in a state of glory, of consummate intelligence, of noble senti-



ments, of pure love, of mutual kindness, and exalted happiness."\*

Dr. Tucker proceeds in the fourth division of this work to the topic of ESTABLISHED DOCTRINES. The introductory chapter contains much excellent matter, which well deserves the attention of those public teachers, of which the number is fast increasing, who bewilder themselves and their hearers in a maze of doctrines which neither the one nor the other can explain or comprehend. This class of persons condemn the use of reason in matters of religion, that is, they declaim against the use of it when it exposes the fallacy and falsehood of their particular doctrines, but admit it whenever you will endeavour to apply it in support of them. We select the following for the perusal of those who, while in formal phrase they avow themselves to be teachers of the *will* of God, most inconsistently depreciate the use of that reason by which alone we are enabled to discover it. "I shall venture to suppose that whatever commands come from God are such that, if we were able to discern their expedience, we should find it prudent to follow the courses they direct to, although they had not been enjoined; so that we might regard his precepts as issuing from wisdom rather than authority, as the advices of one who knows what is best for us, were we of so happy a temper as always to take good advice without the dread of authority to enforce it. From hence it will follow that reason and nature are the same thing as divinity; that whoever should perfectly understand one must understand both, and that every step of real proficiency in either is also an advance towards the other. Still this does not lessen the value or necessity of revelation, or shew that we should ever have been able to discover what it is necessary that we should know, without a divine interposition. Neither does it follow, because the truths communicated to us were such as lay beyond the reach of human reason, that they are therefore contrary to it, or that the exercise of our reason is not necessary to un-

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\* The reader will find this subject pursued in a most pathetic and sublime strain of argument in the second volume of Sermons by Mr. Fawcett:—it is in a discourse "On the spirit proper to be exercised towards the wicked." We would most earnestly recommend these volumes to the perusal of the reader. They are perhaps not exceeded by any compositions of the kind in our language. Our praise is free from personal partiality. The writer is in the grave.

derstand them. We are exhorted to try all things; and told that we may know of the doctrines whether they be of God; but how can we make trial of any thing without the use of our judgment --?"

This reasoning is so extremely clear, and the truth it announces is so extremely obvious, that it is impossible to reflect upon it without wondering that any one should attempt to impose upon our understanding a doctrine which denies the value and degrades the use of it.

*Crosby's complete Gazetteer of England and Wales, or Traveller's Companion; with a Preface and Introduction, by the Rev. J. Malham, Author of the Naval Gazetteer, &c. 12mo. Crosby and Co. 5s. Fine Ed. 7s. 6d. 1807.*

As far as a compilation of this description can be complete, this Gazetteer is so. It is arranged under the various descriptions of local situation, public buildings, civil government, number of inhabitants, charitable institutions, antiquities and curiosities, manufactures and commerce, navigation and canals, mineral springs, singular customs, literary characters, amusements, parish churches, &c. market days and fairs, bankers' posts, inns, coaches and waggons, distances from London, surrounding towns, and gentlemen's seats, &c.

The utility of a book of this kind, is well defined in the preface:

"If it be admitted as a general maxim, as Mr. Boswell has remarked in his Tour to the Hebrides, that 'in every place where there is any thing worthy of observation, there should be a short directory for strangers,' if it can be desirable to extend this maxim for the benefit and advantage of travellers and tourists, of whatever description, to purposes unrestrained and unlimited by mere locality; if a laudable endeavour to aid the gentleman and the man of business, in their various respective walks in society, be proportionably entitled to public attention; and if these great objects can be attained by collecting the scattered rays of information, and converging them into one focal point, or by compressing and combining the loose disjointed materials suitable for such a work, into one solid and compact body; then we may hope, that the plan of the present publication, which comprehends all these objects, will need only to be known to be universally approved."

Mr. Malham's hope is not unreasonable; his plan is a good one, and the work is of great labour; what he proposed to do, he has done exceeding well. The pub-

lication, for the vast quantity of letter-press it contains, is very cheap.

*The Dramatic Mirror; containing the History of the Stage, from the earliest period to the present Time; including a Biographical and Critical Account of all the Dramatic Writers from 1660; and also of the most distinguished Performers from the days of Shakspeare to 1807: and a History of the Country Theatres in England, Ireland and Scotland. Embellished with seventeen elegant Engravings. By Thomas Gilliland, Author of the Dramatic Synopsis, &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 4l. 1s. Chapple. 1808.*

“If it be meritorious to combine what is scarce, curious, and scattered through many books, into one moderate publication: if we have divested narrative of prejudice and malignity, and thus become the guardians of decayed genius and living talent; and, if in a work where so much must be taken upon report, we have corrected many errors, and established and enforced some important truths; we surely do not look up to favour without claim; we cannot be imagined to add to the number of useless books.”

Mr. Gilliland is entitled to the praise to which, with commendable modesty, he thus limits his pretensions. *The Dramatic Mirror* is the *Thespian Dictionary*, with improvements and additions. These he has collected from all accessible quarters, and so arranged them as to render his work both useful and interesting to theatrical readers in general. He has also given an account of the principal country theatres, and an abridged history of the English drama. The engravings are creditable to the artist.

*The Wanderer; or the Rights of Hospitality; a Drama, in three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. Altered from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, by Charles Kemble. 2s. 6d. 8vo. Appleyard. 1808.*

Though translated immediate from the German, the original author of the piece is Duval, the French dramatist. So great an effect (see the *Preface*) was produced on the first representation of this drama in Paris, that on the second, the theatre was incapable of containing the vast numbers who flocked from every quarter



of the town to witness it; and they who did gain admittance, by applying every incident in the piece to the unhappy situation of their lawful king (at that time, and unfortunately now, a Wanderer) created so alarming a ferment, that Bonaparte, out of his great love and kindness towards his good city of Paris, wisely ordered the Play to be withdrawn, and immediately sent the author his gracious permission to travel. Shortly after, Kotzebue, obtained Duval's leave to render his manuscript into German; and from Kotzebue's translation was the present drama taken, and adapted to the English theatre;—it was then presented to, and accepted by Mr. Colman, for the Haymarket; where it would have been acted, had not the Lord Chamberlain, from motives of delicacy, pronounced his *veto*.

The scene of action was now to be altered: fortunately, the history of Sweden furnished me with a hero under circumstances similar to those of the Pretender: and although aware that a considerable portion of the interest would be lost, by converting Charles Edward Stuart into a Swedish prince, still I thought it sufficiently rich, in that important quality, to excite the sympathy and rivet the attention of an English audience. The Wanderer, therefore, was attired in a Swedish garb. *Preface.*

We have given our opinion of this drama, in another part of this number. An Extract from the second act, will enable the reader to judge of the composition. *Sigismond* is relating to the Countess *Valdestein* the difficulties and perils he encountered after the loss of the battle of *Strangebro*:

“I told you, madam, of a protecting angel, who saved me from the fury of my pursuers.—Christina was that angel. You have yet to learn, that, with the assistance of a single servant, she sought, and found for us an asylum, in a deep cavern of the forest, where we were safe till famine pinched my followers; many of whom were on the point of perishing for want,—when, this fair creature, in the dead of night, came sinking beneath a burthen of refreshments, and, thus, a second time preserved us. We fell, in gratitude, before her; her gifts restored our strength, her soft consoling words banished our despair, her presence diffused a pleasure more than mortal, and, when she had left us, our woes were all forgotten in the recollection of her goodness.

*Countess.* My sweet Christina! But why, sir, did you quit the asylum she had found for you?

*Sigis.* Eight days we were compelled to stay there; but then the pursuit became so hot, that sudden flight appeared our only means of safety. Your faithful servant, madam, (*to Christina*) conducted us by rude and unfrequented paths to the sea-side, where, as I told you, we hoped to find a vessel that might convey us into Poland. We journeyed only in the night, and when our wearied limbs required rest, we sometimes ventured to seek it in the castles of those who had fought beneath my banners. Too soon, alas! we were deprived of them; the very gates which, in the hour of prosperity, stood flattering wide, were, in adversity, most barbarously shut against me.

*Countess.* Cowards!

*Sigis.* Their loss concerns me not; self-interest alone had bound them to my cause, and fear soon broke the chain that held them. Nine alone of all my followers, after the fatal fight at Strangebro, attached themselves to their defeated chief; they, madam, (*to Christina*) partook of your protection. I thought that no extremity could have forced them from me.

*Chris.* Could they abandon you?

*Sigis.* Alas! yes; each day the little number was diminished; some fled without one parting word, and left me tortured by anxious fears for their uncertain fate: some secretly went over to my enemies, and saved their lives by treacherously betraying me: others, unable to support their misery, with bitterest reproaches, claimed of me their fortunes, families, and friends;—unkind companions! had I, their prince, preserved my family, fortune, or friends?

*Countess.* Unhappy prince!

*Sigis.* Two alone, without a murmur, shared every hardship I endured; they uttered no complaint, they smothered every groan which their despair would fain have uttered. Dear friends! whatever be your fate, the recollection of your fidelity shall never be extinguished in my breast!

*Countess.* How did you lose them, sir?

*Sigis.* We were surprized by a superior force, and fought with desperation. In the conflict we were parted—I fled to an adjoining wood, and sank beside a spring,

to cleanse my wounds, and bind them with the tatters which hung about me.

*Chris.* Good heaven!

*Sigis.* In vain I called on my companions, echo alone replied. How dismal at that moment seemed the solitude! 'twas then I felt, in all its plenitude, the horror of my fate. Sigismond, not long before, the leader of a valiant band, forsaken, wounded, dying! I sought to gain a crown, and scarcely found a stone on which to rest my weary head in peace. The dread lest I should fall, a living victim, into the hands of my enemies, restored my strength—I sprang from the ground, and hurried without knowing whither, through the thickest of the forest, where of the scattered leaves I made my bed, roots were my food, and the green stagnant pool allayed the burning fever on my tongue; the growling wolves were my companions, and, often, driven by hunger, I have contended with them for their prey, till that great Being, whom, in the frenzy of despair, I impiously arraigned, conducted me to this asylum, that I again might worship Him, thro' you the earthly images of his beneficence and mercy!"

*Great and Good Deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteinians; collected by Ove Malling, Counsellor of Conference, &c. to His Majesty the King of Denmark and Norway, and translated into English, by the Author of a Tour in Zealand, with an Historical Sketch of the Battle of Copenhagen. 1l. 1s. 4to. Baldwin. 1807.*

The discussion of the question respecting what some call the admirable policy, and urgent necessity, and others the gross injustice and uncalled for cruelty of the attack on Copenhagen, has, no doubt, precipitated the publication of these *great and good deeds*. Leaving this point, however, to be settled in St. Stephen's chapel, the English reader, whatever may be his sentiments of a particular measure of our government, will be gratified by the numerous instances of piety, humanity, magnanimity, patriotism, loyalty, intrepidity, firmness, valour, presence of mind and stratagem, moderation, generosity, justice, integrity, public zeal, learning, and beneficence, detailed in this publication. Englishmen can admire the virtues and acknowledge the great qualities, even of their enemies. We have only room for two or three of the numberless examples here recorded.



" In the autumn of 1775, an English vessel laden with barley, bound to Scotland, and navigated by Thomas Brown, master, and five seamen, stranded between Hornbek and Villingebek, fishing villages, in the neighbourhood of Cronberg. The darkness of the night was no less fatal to them than the violence of the storm, which raged with increasing fury. The day, at length, dawned, when the unfortunate crew found themselves within gun shot of shore. Their piteous lamentations were heard by the inhabitants, who immediately launched their boats; but every effort to make the vessel was vain; they repeated their attempts, but still with equal ill success. All this time, the wretched mariners clung to the wreck, till exhausted by cold, hunger and fatigue, they gradually lost their spirits and their strength, and fell down dead by the side of each other; the master and mate alone survived. The latter being much dismayed at the sight of the dead bodies of his companions, desperately collected all his fortitude, and formed the perilous resolution of attempting to swim ashore. It was now evening.—He embraced the master, bade him farewell, and plunged into the sea; but he had not advanced many yards, before a floating piece of timber struck him on the head, and he sank to rise no more. The peasants on the beach, aroused by this terrible succession of lamentable events, at last determined to save the only survivor at all hazards.

" Now Anders Jensen, Peter Jensen, and Evend Bagge, cottagers, with Jens Larsen, and Evend Pedersen, their servants, all of Hornbek, volunteered this desperate service. They contended magnanimously with winds and waves, and ultimately reached the wreck, from which they joyfully rescued the half dead master, whom they conveyed in safety ashore, to the satisfaction of all present. In this exhausted state he was carried to a house, where every assistance its slender means could afford, were readily supplied. Shortly afterwards he was received in the Queen's-mill, where proper remedies being administered, health and strength were again restored to him. On his recovery, perceiving these good people, who had so disinterestedly risked their lives to save his, he gratefully offered them all the money he had about him; but they nobly refused his present, as they felt they had merely performed their duty in rescuing an unfortunate man from the grasp of death. A native of Denmark, however, then absent from his home, hearing of this event, rejoiced at the philanthropy of his countrymen, and resolved to bestow on them a reward, suitable to their merits. He, accordingly, settled twenty-five dollars per annum, on each of the five persons aforementioned. At the decease of any one of them his share devolved to the survivors, and the last of them was to enjoy the whole one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, for life."

" HALF, king of Rogaland and Hordeland, in Norway, was renowned for his repeated and successful cruizes. He never admitted any into his ship's company, unless they had previously evinced powerful instances of strength and intrepidity; these he accepted on certain conditions, all of which tended to render them daring in the conflict, and merciful in the moment of victory. The fame of this valiant band extended over the Northern

seas, and every one feared the approach of this floating republic. Having led this life many years, and accumulated honor with riches, they proposed returning to Norway. During their passage, however, a storm overtook them, and the ship having an increased complement of men on board, was thereby, frequently on the point of sinking. Every thing portable was thrown overboard; still the danger increased, as it were, in proportion to the efforts made to surmount it. At length, they resolved upon a most desperate expedient to lighten the vessel. It was proposed, that the die should be cast, and one half the crew sacrifice themselves to the salvation of their remaining companions. But the words were scarcely uttered, when these noble fellows rivalled each other in being foremost to jump overboard, till the vessel being sufficiently relieved, weathered out the storm.'—

“The gallant and vigilant Admiral **HERLUF TROLLE**, commanded the Baltic fleet in the seven years' war which Frederic the Second waged against Sweden. While his fleet was refitting at Copenhagen, during the winter preceding his memorable death, he attended daily in the dock-yards, that his presence might accelerate the work. One day meeting with the Rev. Mr. Hemming, a conversation took place between them on navigation, its science, and its attendant dangers, when the latter gentleman expressed his surprise, that the gallant Admiral, after having so frequently endured the fatigues of his profession, should still persevere in the hazardous pursuit with so much cheerfulness. To which the admiral replied, “What, if I lose my life? a brave man never dies. Besides, why are we noblemen? why do we wear orders? why do we possess large estates? if we desire to enjoy such benefits, surely we ought not to shrink from the perils which ensure them to us.”

“In the seventeenth century, Mantua was besieged by the Imperialists. The garrison proved too feeble to resist the superior numbers of the Austrian army, who soon became masters of the place. Josias Rantzau, an Holsteinian nobleman, and at that time a captain in the Imperial service, was among the storming party. Upon the surrender of the city, the Austrian soldiery, according to the custom of those times, began their career of pillage and murder. All the women crowded to the cathedral, in hopes of finding an asylum there; but they were unfortunately observed by some soldiers, and inhumanly pursued by them. Josias Rantzau accidentally

passed the church at the very moment these barbarians were about to rush into it, but they were deterred by the dauntless interposition of the gallant Rantzau, who understanding the cause of their confusion and uproar, instantly leaped forward, and, placing himself before the church-door, drew his sword, exclaiming, "Halt ! whoever dares to advance, dies." The soldiers turned away, and Rantzau rendered his name immortal in the town by saving the women."

*A Narrative of the Loss of the Ship Fanny, on her Voyage from Bombay to China : with an Account of the extraordinary preservation of a part of her Crew, after remaining several Weeks on Rocks in the centre of the Chinese Ocean. In a Letter from Thomas Page, Esq. second Officer. 1s. 6d. 8vo. Symonds. 1807.*

We always suspect something of the *marvellous* in these shipwreck stories ; but presuming that the narrative has suffered no *embellishment* in the preparation for, or progress through the press, it must be acknowledged that the incidents are very distressing, and the escape from "the perils of the deep," as extraordinary as any that has hitherto been recorded.

*History of the Westminster and Middlesex Elections, in the month of November, 1806. Budd. 9s, 1807.*

This volume consists of a collection of the addresses of the respective candidates ; of their speeches, as well as the speeches of their friends, both on the hustings, and at public meetings ; of the resolutions passed at these meetings ; and also of numerous advertisements, letters, hand-bills, songs, &c. which made their appearance during the said elections.

Patience is a virtue, and the readers of this collection will have a sufficient opportunity of exercising it. The proceedings during the great contested election which was at length carried in favour of Mr. Fox against Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray ; and the *Jeux d'Esprit* which abounded upon that occasion, were collected into a very amusing quarto volume. That publication, probably suggested the present, which is nearly filled with the long addresses, and longer speeches of Mr. Paull. The following epigram, however, is tolerable :

Rouse fellow citizens, at virtue's call ;  
If freedom's dead, at least let's bear her PAULL.



*The test of Guilt, or traits of Antient Superstition, a Dramatic Tale, by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, author of the Regal and Ecclesiastical History of England, &c. 4to. Appleyard; 1808.*

Mr. Strutt was an excellent antiquary, and artist; and the world are indebted to him for some valuable publications, particularly his *Sports and Pastimes*, and his *Dictionary of Engravers*. As a poet his claims remain to be investigated. The *Test of Guilt* is a Tragic tale in blank verse, of which the object is to show, that “though the ways of Providence are dark and inscrutable to our weak judgments, and oftentimes irksome to us; yet that by the very means we disdain and think most unlikely, our good is often worked, and justice brought to punish the guilty, and free the innocent; the mouth of presumptuous complaint is closed; and Heaven’s dealings with mankind, however we may regard them, are always just!” The subject, characters, and language of the drama a little resemble the *Arden of Feversham* by Lillo. Some of the leading personages are Grim; Ralph, the *Hind*; Pierce, the *Ploughman*; John, the *Smith*; Dick, the *Baker*; Tom, the *Hedger*, &c. notwithstanding these uncouth names, there is some interest in the story, and the language is judiciously adapted to the condition of the respective characters. The following is a fair specimen.

#### THE FIFTH PART.

The Hall in the Castle.

The Baron, followed by Absalom.

BARON. Come hither:—’Tis no good I hear of thee:  
Fye, fye! and thou a man so grown in years,  
To forfeit all our future confidence,  
And, like a traitor in thy country’s cause,  
Open the prison-door, and set at large  
A culprit charg’d with murder! is it so?

ABSALOM. Such is my accusation.

BARON. ————So I said:  
And dost thou know what pains and penalties  
Await thee for this shameful breach of trust?

ABSALOM. I stood, my lord, young Henry’s substitute,  
And risk’d my life for him.

BARON. ————You meant it so?

ABSALOM. In truth I did.

BARON. ————and suffer’d his escape?

**ABSALOM.** At least as bad : I'll use no subterfuge ;  
I put him where the means were in his reach ;  
He us'd the means :—I need not say the rest.

**BARON.** Thou hast no hope of favour from the court :  
Thy trust betray'd, thine office forfeited,  
Thy goods become my right: thy body too  
The prison claims, therein to be detain'd  
At our liege sovereign's will :—knows't thou all this ?

**ABSALOM.** I know I'm ruin'd, know it well, my lord ;  
And come prepar'd to meet my punishment :—  
Had but the youth escap'd 'till time had clear'd  
His innocence, (for innocent he is,  
My life upon it,) I had died content.

**BARON.** Upon some firm foundation, I presume,  
To us unknown, you build this confidence ?

**ABSALOM.** My lord I knew him from his infancy ;  
Have known his virtues : He is like a lamb,  
Meek with the lowly ; but a lion's heart  
Appears when'er protection claims his aid ;  
Friend to the good, sworn enemy to vice.  
The wound of sorrow he rejoic'd to heal,  
And sought the lonely cottage of distress,  
To comfort the afflicted : yes my lord,  
He dropp'd with woe the sympathizing tear :  
Yet not contented so ; for well he knew,  
That such gaunt charity availed not  
To those who were ill cloth'd, and wanted food :  
But to his tears he added gracious deeds ;  
He fed the hungry, and the naked cloth'd,  
And never boasted of the good he did,  
But rather seem'd more humbled by the deed :—  
These are the grounds, my lord, on which I build  
My confidence : and facts I know they are.

**BARON.** Well well, go home ; your office claims your care :—  
This failure may perchance be overlook'd,  
Because thou hast been faithful hitherto.  
Away ; I will not suffer a reply :  
By future diligence make manifest  
A thankful heart : another forfeiture  
Admits no mercy.—Go ; look to it well.

*[Absalom bows low, and goes out.]*

Beshrew me, but the good old man has brought  
The tears into mine eyes ! By some strange charm,  
Fitzhugh has gain'd possession of the minds  
Of all that know him ; whether high or low,  
Or rich or poor, their mouths are fill'd with praise :  
And with what zeal, tho' simple be his speech,  
This man has drawn a noble character,  
And plac'd it to his friend !—In part, I know,  
The colouring is just : Could we but wipe  
This foul pollution clearly from his fame,  
I'd clasp him to my bosom, and rejoice  
That such a man had won my daughter's heart.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DRAMA.

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

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## A BRIEF SUPPLEMENT TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

By *Tony Aston.*

[Continued from Page 48.]

## MRS. BARRY AND MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

BETTERTON'S favourite, Mrs. BARRY, claims the next in estimation. They were both never better pleas'd, than in playing together. *Mrs. Barry* outshin'd *Mrs. Bracegirdle* in the character of *Zara* in the *Mourning Bride*, altho' Mr. Congreve design'd *Almeria* for that favour. And yet, this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth op'ning most on the right side, which she strove to draw t'other way, and, at times, composing her face, as if sitting to have her picture drawn. Mrs Barry was middle-siz'd, and had darkish hair, light eyes, dark eye-brows, and was indifferently plump:—Her face somewhat preceded her action, as the latter did her words, her face ever expressing the passions: not like the actresses of late times, who are afraid of putting their faces out of the form of non-meaning, lest they should crack the cerum, white-wash, or other cosmetic, trowell'd on. *Mrs. Barry* had a manner of drawing out her words, which became her, but not *Mrs. Braidshaw*, and *Mrs. Porter*, (successors.)—To hear her speak the following speech in the *Orphan*, was a charm.—

*I'm ne'er so well pleas'd, as when I hear thee speak,  
And listen to the Music of thy voice.*

and again—

*Who's he that speaks with a Voice so sweet,  
As the Shepherd pipes upon the mountain,  
When all his little flock are gath'ring round him?*

Neither she, nor any of the actors of those times, had any tone in their speaking (too much, lately, in use.) In *Tragedy* she was solemn and august; in *Free Comedy*, alert, easy, and genteel—pleasant in her face and action; filling the stage with variety of gesture. She was woman to *Lady Shelton* of *Norfolk*, (my godmother) when *Lord*



*Rochester* took her on the stage; where, for some time, they could make nothing of her. She could neither sing nor dance; no, not in a Country Dance.

Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, that *Diana* of the stage, hath many places contending for her birth. The most received opinion is, that she was the daughter of a Coachman, Coachmaker, or letter-out of Coaches, in the town of *Northampton*; but I am inclinable to my father's opinion, (who had a great value for her reported virtue) that she was a distant relation, and came of *Staffordshire*, from about *Walsal* or *Wolverhampton*. She had many assailants on her virtue, as *Lord Lovelace*, *Mr. Congreve*; the last of which had her company most; but she even resisted his vicious attacks; and yet, was always uneasy at his leaving her; on which observation he made the following song:

Pious *Celinda* goes to Pray'rs,  
Whene'er I ask the Favour;  
Yet, the tender Fool's in Tears,  
When she believes I'll leave her.  
Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,  
Or else had Power to win her!  
Wou'd she could make of me a Saint,  
Or I of her a Sinner!

And, as Mr. *Durfey* alludes to it in his Puppet Song in *Don Quixot*:

Since that our Fate intends  
Our Amity shall be no clearer,  
Still let us kiss and be friends,  
And sigh, we shall never come nearer.

She was very shy of *Lord Lovelace's* company, as being an engaging man, who drest well: And as every day his servant came to her, to ask her how she did, she always return'd her answer in the most obeisant words and behaviour, *That she was indifferent well, she humbly thank'd his Lordship*. She was of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eye-brows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh blusky complexion; and, whenever she exerted herself, had an involuntary flushing in her breast, neck, and face, having continually a chearful aspect, and a fine set of even white teeth: never making an *Exit*, but that she left the audience in an imitation of her pleasant countenance. Genteel Comedy was her chief essay, and that too when in Men's cloaths, in which she far surmounted all the actresses of that and this age. Yet she had a defect scarce perceptible, viz. her right shoulder a little protended, which, when in Men's

cloaths, was cover'd by a long or campaign peruke. She was finely shap'd, and had very handsome legs and feet; and her gait, or walk, was free, manlike, and modest, when in breeches. Her virtue had its reward, both in applause and *specie*; for it happen'd, that as the Dukes of *Dorset* and *Devonshire*, *Lord Hallifax*, and other Nobles, over a bottle, were all extolling *Mrs. Bracegirdle's* virtuous behaviour, "Come," says *Lord Hallifax* "You all commend her virtue, &c, but why do we not present this incomparable woman with something worthy her acceptance?" His lordship deposited 200 guineas, which the rest made up 800, and sent to her, with encomiums on her virtue. She was, when on the stage, diurnally charitable, going often into *Clare Market*, and giving money to the poor unemployed basket-women, insomuch that she could not pass that neighbourhood, without the thankful declamations of people of all degrees; so that, if any person had affronted her, they would have been in danger of being kill'd directly; and yet this good woman was an actress. She has been off the stage these twenty-six years, or more; but was alive July 20, 1747, for I saw her in the Strand, London, then, with the remains of charming *Bracegirdle*.

[To be continued.]

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ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. SCHOMBERG TO  
GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

*Bath, March 8, 1763.*

MY DEAR SIR.

IN looking over the *Tempest*, I have thought fit to make the following remarks, how you will approve of them I can't tell, but I know your candour, and shall leave them therefore at your disposal.

P. 6. " [A confused noise within] Mercy on us! We split! we split! Farewell my wife and children! Brother farewell! we split, &c."

This whole speech is given to Gonzalo; but I shou'd rather incline to read it thus: "[a confused noise within] Mercy on Us! We split we split!"

GONZALO. Farewell my wife and children! Brother farewell!"

It is natural for persons in distress to call upon the wife and children they have left behind them, and whom they

apprehend they shall never see again; and, at the same time, to consider those who are sharing in the same fate, as brothers; Gonzalo therefore addresses himself in that stile to Antonio; Brother, farewell, &c.

P. 8. I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered, that there is *no Soul*,  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Bet' d to any creature in the Vessel, &c.

Dr. Johnson thinks *Soul* apparently defective, and wou'd substitute *no Soil*: with deference to the doctor, I confess myself of a different opinion, and wou'd certainly retain the word in the text; which, from the sense of the whole passage, is apparently the true reading; for what has *no soil* to do with

No, not so much perdition as an hair.—

Prospero would intimate that not even one person was lost in the late wreck.

Ibid. You have often  
Begun to tell *we* what I am.

Read *me*; certainly an error of the press. As I have thoughts of reading our poet over again, I shall transmit my conjectures as they occur. In this, as well as upon every other occasion, I shall always be ready to render you my best and sincerest services, being very truly and unalterably,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate and

Much oblig'd servant,

R. SCHOMBERG.

To George Steevens, Esq. at  
George's Coffee-House, Temple-Bar, London.

#### ON THE DESIGN AND END OF TRAGEDY.

*From the MS. of an eminent Literary Character deceased.*

TRAGEDY is a poem exhibiting, in a dramatic manner, an important action real or invented, formed into a fable of proper length, which inculcates some one moral maxim, and is attended with such circumstances and incidents as may excite the passions of terror and pity. In this definition of tragedy, the author hath endeavoured



to be as exact and comprehensive as possible; and if he is found deficient or mistaken, will be glad to be corrected.

The first design of this poem is to excite the passions of terror and pity. In this its essence as a tragedy chiefly consists. It is this which constitutes its power of pleasing, and commanding our attention; for that there is a pleasure in weeping at a tragedy, and that it is of a more refined and delicate nature than that of laughing at a comedy, will scarcely be denied. But though to engage the heart by the pathetic incidents in a moving story may be the first design, and the *sine qua non* of this species of poetry, it is by no means the principal end of it. Many, various, and important are the lessons which may be taught by tragedy. Racine, speaking of his Phædra, says, "The passions are here exhibited to public view, only to point out the disorders which attend their indulgence; and vice is painted throughout in colours proper for detecting its deformity, and rendering it the object of our aversion. This is the end which he who writes for the stage should propose to himself, and which the most eminent tragic poets had always in view. The theatre was to them an academy, where virtue was taught in as much purity as in the schools of the philosophers." Aristotle indeed hath said that the chief business of tragedy was to purge the passions by the passions themselves. This Monsieur Fontenche, in his very ingenious Reflections on Tragedy, professes that he had never been able to understand; nor to see, for instance, what good it would do any one to be cured of pity. "But it appears to me," says this writer, "that the great utility of tragedy consists in rendering virtue amiable to mankind, in accustoming them to be interested for it, and biassed in its favour, in proposing to them great examples of fortitude and courage, in perils and misfortunes, and thereby strengthening and elevating the sentiments of their hearts." And the learned Monsieur Dacier, in the preface to his translation of Aristotle's Poetics, gives this testimony in its favour, that of all amusements tragedy is the highest and best. "Here," says he, "the malicious may learn to correct his heart, the revengeful to forget his wrongs, the passionate to restrain his anger, the aspiring to moderate his ambition, the tyrant to forsake his violence, and the prophane to pay just reverence to heaven."

These are the ends which tragedy pursues as an *instructive* poem; but along with these it must bear also another in view, which is to give *delight*; and on its success in this depends its efficacy in the other. We listen not with pleasure to the mere sound of an instrument, however excellent it may be, or justly ton'd; but when it is waked to all the powers of harmony by the skilful touches of a master's hand, it is then we feel its force thrill to our hearts, and our enraptured souls yield to the sweet enchantment. In like manner it is only to choose from history, real or fictitious, some story which will afford an useful moral; but to make it please, it must be formed into a beautiful fable, enlivened with striking incidents, and supported with proper characters; particularly a principal one, whose manners, sentiments, and passions, exactly painted from nature, must be such as may interest the audience in his favour; and his circumstances and situations in the piece so artfully contrived, as now to strike us with terror for him, now sooth us with hope, now melt us in pity; and through all the variety of difficulty and distress in which he is involved, still lead us on in a kind of pleasing anxiety for his fate, till its final catastrophe. Such scenes as these, drawn by a skilful hand from nature, and disposed by art into a regular and beautiful whole, exclusive of the morals they may teach, can never fail to afford to every feeling heart a most agreeable amusement.

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#### NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

##### No. II.

##### I. CHARLES FOX.

It is well known that this gentleman was a great admirer of the drama. The information, however, will be perfectly new to most of our readers, that the greatest statesman of our times had performed in private plays, "and was accounted a good actor."

On the 8th of January, 1774, the tragedy of the *Fair Penitent*, and the farce of *High Life below Stairs*, were

performed at Winterslow House, the seat of Stephen Fox. The parts as follows :

*Sciolto* ..... Mr. Fox.  
*Altamont* ..... Mr. E Kent.  
*Horatio* ..... CHARLES FOX.  
*Lothario* ..... Mr. Fitzpatrick.  
*Rossano* ..... Mr. Brompton.  
*Calista* ..... Mrs. Hodges.  
*Lavinia* ..... Lady Mary Fox.  
*Lucilla* ..... Mrs. H. Greville.

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*Lovel* ..... Sir Thomas Tancred.  
*Philip* ..... Mr. E. Kent.  
*Tom* ..... Mr. Fox.  
*Coachman* ..... Mr. Robert Herbert.  
*Kingston* ..... Lord Pembroke.  
*Kitty* ..... Mrs. Hodges.  
*Cook* ..... Mr. Fox.  
*Cloe* ..... Mr. C. Greville.  
*Duke's Servant* ..... Mr. Fitzpatrick.  
*Sir Harry's Servant* .. CHARLES FOX.  
*Lady Bab's Maid* .... Miss Herbert.  
*Lady Charlotte's Maid* Miss H. Greville.  
*Robert* ..... Mr. H. Robert Herbert.

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## 2. MR. GIBSON, THE ACTOR.

AMONG many other virtues, Mr. Gibson (though extremely inoffensive without being highly provoked) possessed an eminent degree of intrepidity. Some years ago he was wantonly insulted in his theatrical capacity by the Honourable Mr. Fitzpatrick, brother to a noble Lord, who hissed him without any apparent reason, both at his entrance and exit. At that time people of fashion were admitted behind the scenes, and the *honourable* gentleman on repeating his ill nature, and behaving ruder a night or two after, than he had done at first, Gibson, on his coming into the green-room, addressed him in a very modest, but manly manner, complaining of his treatment: on which Fitzpatrick made a polite excuse, attributed his usage to his having drank a little too freely, and promised Gibson, that *upon his honour* he would



never insult him again. The player on this was satisfied, but the *gentleman* (if he may be called so) soon after forgot himself, and behaved in a very gross riotous manner on Gibson's attempting to recite the words of his character. Justly irritated at this, on Fitzpatrick's coming behind the scenes, the player expostulated with him in very spirited terms upon his breaking his *word of honour*; on which Fitzpatrick called him impudent scoundrel, and lifted up his fist to strike him; but Gibson caught his hand, and seeing Fitzpatrick attempting to draw his sword, knocked him down with his fist, broke his weapon of offence, and thrashed him very severely, to the great satisfaction of the Duke of Argyle, Lord Chesterfield, and several other noblemen, who were present, who applauded the just resentment of the actor, as much as they despised the contemptible behaviour of the *honourable* gentleman, who was prudent enough never again to repeat it, or take any further notice of the matter.

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### 3. SPIRITED LETTER OF OLD YATES.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

Saturday, Oct. 18, 1783.

THOUGH it is not my profession to write, but to retail the writings of others yet I find the spirit move me to hazard some observations on a very good humoured, sprightly, elegant paragraph in your paper of yesterday.

The facetious gentleman is pleased to say, that *Yates and his wife* have retired from the stage with 36,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* and that they are remarkable for their *comely* appearance, though one is, from theatrical dates, 70, the other above 60 years of age. 'Tis wonderful so wise a man should be mistaken, but the facts are,

They have not retired with 40,000*l.*

They have not retired *at all*.

Theatrical dates *do not* prove them to be, the one 70, the other more than 60 years of age.

In respect to myself, that I am remarkable for my *comely* appearance, that I can (though not worth *quite* 40,000*l.* eat my mutton without an engagement, and yet owe no man any thing, are offences to which I am ready

to plead guilty: if comeliness is a sin, heaven help me I say! and as to *owing* no man any thing, in these days when it is the genteest thing in the world to *pay* no man any thing, I must e'en stand trial before a jury of honest tradesmen, who I dare say will acquit me, from the singularity of the case.

In respect to theatrical dates, I have, to be sure, told the chimes at midnight some five and thirty years ago, which, as I find myself just as healthy and alert as in those delightful days, I do not think at all disqualifies me for my general cast of characters, in which I have pleased as good judges as your correspondent; nor is it absolutely necessary that *The Miser*, *Fondlewife*, *Gomez*, *Don Manuel*, *Sir Wilful Witwou'd*, &c. &c. should have the first down of a beard on their chins; but I will whisper something in the gentleman's ear, that whilst such writers as he are allowed to assassinate honest people in the dark, by abusive anonymous paragraphs, nobody that has mutton to eat will look out for theatrical engagements, but quietly let the stage fall into that happy state

“When one Egyptian darkness covers all.”

So much for myself, and now for Mrs. Yates.

That she is a pretty enough actress, as times go, and by no means uncomely, I willingly allow; but that she is more than 60, or will be these dozen years at least, may bear something of a doubt.

As her first appearance was on Drury-Lane stage, and in the full meridian of its glory, the date is easily ascertained; but to save the gentleman trouble, as he seems a bad calculator, I will inform him it was in Mr. Crisp's VIRGINIA, in the year 1754, (29 years ago) and that she was then as pretty a plum prosy Hebe, as one shall see on a summer's day.

She had the honour (an honour never conferred on any other person) of being introduced, as a young beginner, by a prologue written and spoken by that *great master*, Mr. Garrick, in which the following lines are to the present purpose:

“If novelties can please, to night we've two—  
 “Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new—  
 “To one at least your usual favor show—  
 “A female asks it, can a man say No?  
 “Should you indulge our novice yet unseen,  
 “And crown her with your hands a tragic queen:

" Should you with smiles a confidence impart,  
 " To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart ;  
 " Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,  
 " Which curbs a genius in its road to fame ;  
 " With one wish more her whole ambition ends—  
 " She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends."

And now give me leave, Sir, to tell your correspondent a story : On the first coming to England of Signor Trebbi, a worthy gentleman, the editor of a newspaper, paid him a morning visit, and informed him, he was a public writer, and had characters of all prices. " I understand you, Sir," said Trebbi, " and have heard of you : I have no guineas to throw away so ill ; but I am a writer too ; *Et voila ma plume !*" " This is my pen," showing him a good English oaken towel. Signor Trebbi was so good to leave me *his pen*, the only one I shall make use of against malevolence in future, where the writer does me the honour of making himself known to me.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

RICHARD YATES

#### PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

(From the Times.)

MR. EDITOR.

It surely is as much the duty of an editor to correct the faulty and to expose the worthless, as to inform the public when such an actress was married to such a nobleman, when such a countess had the tooth-ache, or of even the latest arrivals at Bath.

I must do you the justice to say, that it is but *seldom* you pass over the *follies* of the day without chastisement. This makes it the more surprising, that you have so slightly noticed one of the greatest pests of this metropolis, and the source of half the improprieties we daily hear of, amongst the *younger* branches of society. I allude to the *private Theatres*, scattered through every part of this town.

It was said in a Morning Paper, some time since, that it was " surely more commendable in young men to amuse themselves in theatrical exhibitions than in rinking at ale-houses."



Were these exhibitions the only object these worthies have in attending such places, no one could dispute the propriety of their thus amusing themselves; but I have good reason to believe, that the females who attend, instead of going there for instruction, go there for the purpose of decoying unwary young men, and who, in consequence, have performed the character of *George Barnwell*, before a greater number of spectators than they are usually honoured with in their exhibitions.

These theatres are frequented principally by apprentices, and the inferior clerks of attornies and bankers. Now, sir, I should like much to know where these gentlemen find either money or time to spend in so idle and unprofitable a manner: even admitting (which cannot be the case) that they do their masters justice so far as to attend in their shops and offices during the proper hours, still let it be asked how they employ that time? In conning parts from the drama which they cannot comprehend, even in the most plain and simple passages. In short, sir, to have been present (as I was) when one of them personated the character of *Juba*, you would have thought it a burlesque which would allow of no better comparison than that of a bear dancing on the tight rope. Were I to recite all the instances I have been witness to of this description, it would fill a volume.

These haunts are a scandal to a government, which, by not destroying, patronizes them. They are the sink of almost every iniquity which ingenuity can contrive, or villainy execute.

A gentleman, who had been induced to present himself in a principal character, had a five pound note stolen from his pocket-book, which he had left with his clothes in the dressing-room of one of these theatres. However, "*experientia docet*," and I hope that he will not again risk such a loss by a repetition of his wretched performance.

I am acquainted with this person, and also with another, who is an apprentice, and has not the smallest pretensions to taste in works of literature, and yet has acquired such a habit of attending these places, that it entirely engrosses his attention, to the great detriment of his master.

I am, Sir, with respect,  
Your very obedient servant,

B.

## POETRY.

## SONG.

WHEN upon the roaring ocean,  
 Rest from mild Affection's eye,  
 While the waves, in dire commotion,  
 Rose to meet the scowling sky ;  
 When the seaman, seldom fearing,  
 Felt the throb of anxious care,  
 Far from friends, each scene endearing,  
 I alone unmov'd was there !

In vain the storm, its rage increasing,  
 Breathed the threat of ruin round,  
 Faithful Fancy, fondly pleasing,  
 Smiling hush'd the angry sound ;—  
 Bore me to thy bosom pressing,  
 And, while dread the vessel drove,  
 Thy gentle nature warm seem'd blessing,  
 And my only feeling, love !

Yet, amid the tempest shaking,  
 On thy downy couch secure,  
 Did one tremor, wildly waking,  
 Steal upon thy soul so pure ?  
 And, O say ! as spread th' emotion  
 In the kindred feeling lost,  
 Did you think of him on ocean,  
 In the stormy tempest tost ?

*Liverpool.*

G. W. G.

## IMPROMPTU

On seeing the Portrait of a *Silly Fellow* \* in a Monthly Publication.

*Nimium ne crede colori.*

VIRGIL.

“ No faith in looks ?” Behold young Drugo's phiz :  
 Who can deny *he* LOOKS the fool he is ?

LAVATER, JUN.

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\* A descendant of Drugo de Balendon, who came over with William the Conqueror.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

## DRURY LANE.

DEC.

28. George Barnwell. Barnwell, Mr. H. Siddons. [1st time] **FURIBOND**, or Harlequin Negro. Harlequin, Mr. Hartland; Gaffer Gray, Mr. Smith; Little Clown and Harlequin (with a passeul) Master Laurent; Clown, Mr. Laurent (his first appearance here;); Columbine, Mrs. Sharp. The music entirely new by Mr. Condell.

29. Bold Stroke for a Wife.

31. She stoops to conquer.

JAN. 1. Beaux Stratagem.

2. Jew. Charles Ratcliffe, Mr. Putnam; Frederick Bertram, Mr. Holland; Eliza Ratcliffe, (1st time) Mrs. H. Siddons.

4. Romeo and Juliet. Romeo, Mr. Elliston; Paris, Mr. Putnam; Mercutio, Mr. Bannister; Friar Lawrence, Mr. Eyre.

5. Lionel and Clarissa. Jenny, Mrs. Bland.

6. Earl of Warwick. Warwick, Mr. Elliston; Edward, Mr. H. Siddons; Pembroke, Mr. Putnam; Suffolk, Mr. Powell; Margaret, Mrs. Powell; Lady Elizabeth Gray, Mrs. H. Siddons; Lady Clifford, Miss Boyce.

7. Country Girl.

8. Haunted Tower.

9. Wonder.

11. Pizarro. Pizarro, (1st time) Mr. Raymond.

12. False Alarms. Mr. Braham introduced a new song, composed by Mr. Addison.

13. Much ado.

14. Duenna.

15. Busy Body; Sir George Airy, Mr. Russell.

16. All in the wrong.

18. Castle Spectre. Osmond, (1st time here) Mr. Elliston; Percy, Mr. Holland; Kenrick, Mr. Eyre; Hassan, Mr. Putnam; Angela, Mrs. EYRE, (from Edinburgh, her first appearance here).

19. Trip to Scarborough.

20. Cabinet. Lorenzo, Mr. I. SMITH, (from Liverpool, his 1st appearance here).

21. Honeymoon.

22. [Never acted.] **SOMETHING TO DO**. The characters by Messrs. Elliston, H. Siddons, Johnstone, Dowton, Mathews, We-witzer, Holland, Russell, De Camp, Powell, Penley, Purser; Mrs. Jordan, Miss Mellon, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Scott. The prologue by Mr. Putnam; epilogue by Miss Mellon.

23. Siege of Belgrade.

25. Romeo and Juliet.

26. Love for Love.

Dec. 28, **FURIBOND**.—It is almost sufficient to say that a christmas harlequinade was produced under this title. The story had no interest or connection, the tricks were stale, the machinery was unmanageable, the business clumsily executed, and (one or two



scenes and the dresses excepted,) the pantomime would have disgraced a puppet-show. Laurent made his appearance in the clown; he is still prompt and neat in his business, but his fancy seems less lively. The son does credit to his father's tuition. The music, which is by Mr. Condell, discovers much taste and science; but is by no means appropriate to the business of a harlequin pantomime. It is of too serious a cast. The overture is good; and there is a very clever glee, in which the peculiar voice of Mr. Smith, as *Gaffer Gray*, produces a fine effect.

Jan. 6. *The Earl of Warwick*.—The merits of this tragedy are known to every school-boy, with whom it is a popular piece. It has some good declamatory speeches, and the principal characters having shone in English history, (though the poet has strangely departed from facts,) the play maintains, and will continue to maintain, when well acted, a respectable rank on the stage. Elliston was highly animated in the Earl, and applauded to the *very echo*. We only wish this invaluable actor would adopt a more natural enunciation. The use of his fine under-tones occasionally, would produce an admirable effect, but the *monotonous growl* (we can call it nothing else) in which he seems more and more to delight, is exceedingly offensive to the ear, and certainly detracts from the merit of his performances in tragedy.

18. Mrs. Eyre, in *Angela*, was well received. She is a judicious speaker, and a respectable actress; but she might have chosen a character better suited to her abilities than *Angela*. Elliston, in the *dream*, was excellent.

20. Mr. I. Smith, who performed *Lorenzo*, is a native, we believe, of Liverpool. His voice is firm, and pretty powerful; he gave all the songs with great precision and some taste. He is an acquisition to this theatre, which has long been "marvellous scant" of male singers.

22. *Something to do*.—This comedy was so unsuccessful, that though many authors have been mentioned, all declare with the audience that they will have *nothing to do* with it: and yet many comedies with much less merit have been received with rapturous applause. The first and second acts were highly diverting, the third and fourth were dull as well as extravagant, and of the fifth we could not hear one word. The principal character was *Mem*, a barrister in search of his first fee, with a propensity to note occurrences and ideas in his pocket-book. This, though a tolerable sketch, had too little substance to bear the weight of five long acts. The plot of *Something to do* is this: a rich young lady has two guardians, each of whom is anxious to secure her hand for his own son. The piece appeared to be of German construction.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

DEC.

28. George Barnwell. (1st time) **HARLEQUIN IN HIS ELEMENT**; or, *Fire, Water, Earth, and Air*. Harlequin, Mr. Bologna, jun.; Pantaloon, Mr. L. Bologna; Clown, Mr. Grimaldi; Soldier's Son, (with a song) Master Smalley; Savoyard Girls, Misses H. S. and E. Adams; Columbine, Miss Adams, (from Dublin, their first

appearance here). The music by W. Ware. The pantomime produced under the direction of Mr. Farley.

29. Confederacy.

30. Much ado. Beatrice, by Mrs. H. Johnston, (her first appearance these two years).

31. Two Faces under a Hood.

JAN. 1. Dramatist. Ennui, Mr. Liston. Miss Courtney, Miss Bolton.

2. Rule a Wife. Margarita, Miss Waddy; Estifania, Miss Smith.

4. Mountaineers. Floranthe, Miss Smith; Zorayda, Miss Norton.

5. Beggar's Opera.

6. Wheel of Fortune. Emily Tempest, Miss Norton.

7. Two Faces under a Hood.

8. Belle's Stratagem. Flutter, Mr. Jones; Lady Touchwood, Miss Bristow; Lactitia, Mrs. H. Johnston.

9. [Revived] Comedy of Errors. Ægeon, Mr. Murray; Antipholus of Syracuse, Mr. Pope; Ant. of Ephesus, Mr. C. Kemble; Dr. Pinch, Mr. Simmons; Dromio of Syracuse, Mr. Munden; Dromio of Ephesus, Mr. Blanchard; Abbess, Mrs. Humphries; Adriana, Mrs. Gibbs; Luciana, Miss Norton; Hermia, Miss Bolton; Leshia, Miss Waddy.

11. Mountaineers.

12. [Never acted] *The WANDERER; or, The Rights of Hospitality.* The characters by Messrs. C. Kemble, Pope, Brunton, Claremont, Fawcett; Miss Smith, Miss Norton. End of act 1. (composed by Mr. Bologna, jun.) a new ballet incidental to the drama, performed by the Misses Adams, and the corps de ballet. The overture and musick composed by Messrs. Davy and Russell. The prologue by Mr. Brunton; the epilogue by Miss Norton.

13. 14. 15. 16. *The Wanderer.*

18. Mountaineers.

19. 20. 21. 22. 23. *The Wanderer.*

25. Mountaineers.

26. *The Wanderer.*

27. *Two Faces under a Hood.*

N. B. The pantomimes have been performed every night.

Dec. 16. *The Confederacy, revived.*—The manners of this comedy are now unknown to us, and it might be suffered to rest on the shelf of the prompter without injury to the drama, or the managers. It never can again be popular. The performance, however, was pretty good, and we must particularly distinguish Munden in *Moneytrap*; Lewis in *Brass*; Jones in some scenes of *Dick*; Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Norton.

Dec. 17. Mr. Hamerton, a performer of some distinction on the provincial stages, was introduced by the managers in *Dennis Brulgruddery*. This is, we believe, the sixth or seventh attempt to supply the void in their company occasioned by the loss of Johnstone. Mr. Hamerton is a very respectable comedian, and we were well pleased with his performance; the audience appeared satisfied also, and applauded the new *Dennis* very loudly. Mr. Hamerton, however, played only once more, and then left us. Country actors

of any note should deliberate well before they step on the London boards as a matter of speculation. If they trust to the liberality or the justice of the managers, they rely on a *broken reed*. Mr. Jones was more in the secret—he wisely resolved to trust to nothing but a large salary, and a long engagement: *fast bind, &c.* though a proverb somewhat musty, is nevertheless a very good one. Melvin should also have recollected this.

19. *Othello. Iago*, by Mr. Kemble.—Mr. Kemble is seldom to be accused of want of policy; but in this case we think he *reckoned without his host*. The tragedy was not called for, as the poorness of the house testified; he could not well hope to surpass Mr. Cooke in *Iago*; he ran at least the risk of failure; and he clearly manifested to the friends and admirers of Mr. Cooke, that he was willing to take advantage of his unfortunate absence. No actor, however great his merits, should be suffered to embarrass the business of a theatre; but if *Othello* must have been acted, could not Mr. Kemble have retained the part of the *Moor*, which, when he pleases, he can perform in a most masterly stile, and have allotted *Iago* to Mr. Pope, who is the *Jachimo, Pizarro, Aufidius, &c.* of the company? Admitting, however, that he was politically right, nothing is more certain than that he was dramatically wrong. His conception of the character was erroneous; he produced no effect in it; he clearly cannot play it. He did not enter at all into the spirit of the part, but was content with merely reciting it. To *Othello, Cassio*, and others, he is to be "*honest, honest Iago*," but his villainy should be apparent to the audience. In the *Soliloquies*, at least, the soul of *Iago* should appear; and as he has a deep plot to lay, various instruments to employ, imagined injuries to avenge, and serious risks to run, his deliberations should not come coldly from him as if they were a chain of mere philosophical deductions. The suggestions of his brain will, if there be any design in character, or use in soliloquy, operate forcibly upon his mind, and, of course, on his countenance, and the different passions, and shades of passion, will be boldly and ardently expressed. Mr. Kemble might be chaste, but it was "*chaste as ice*," and the effect on the audience was consequently most *chilling*. He was equally indifferent in the great scenes with *Othello*, where his bye-play should certainly indicate the strong interest he takes in the progress of his operations. *Iago*, it should be remembered, is a hypocrite only before those on whom his poison is to work: when alone, or unwatched, the "*demi-devil*" cannot be too explicitly declared. Here was the great excellence of Cooke: tho' in point of plausibility perhaps he was a little deficient. Even in the popular and artful appeal to *Othello*—

"Good name in man or woman good my lord, &c."

Mr. Kemble's thermometer did not alter—it was still at *freezing point*; though *Iago* would adopt here an artificial fervour, in order to impress the sentiment forcibly on *Othello's* mind. We could not resist a silent iteration, at the conclusion of this celebrated speech: "*poor indeed!*" Considerable disapprobation followed his *exit*.

23. The *West Indian* was revived, to exhibit Mr. Jones in Belcour, and Mr. Hamerton in Major O'Flaherty. *Respectable* is an epithet to which performers are not much attached, but we cannot advance beyond it on this occasion, though we are not disposed at any time to "*damn with faint praise*."



Dec. 28. **HARLEQUIN IN HIS ELEMENT.**—This theatre, from the time of old Rich, has been the chosen residence of *Harlequin* and his favourite attendants. The present pantomime is much inferior to *Mother Goose*, and it is considered to be more indifferent than it really is, from the popularity and great attractions of the harlequinade of last year. It is, however, very carefully got up. There are some good tricks and ingenious transformations; and the first scene of the fountain is superior to any thing we can recollect of the sort. The effect of the pantomime is greatly aided by the activity of Bologna, the grotesque humour and fertile inventions of Grimaldi, and the graceful agility of the four Misses Adams. These ladies are the daughters of Mr. Adams, the *Rossignol* who was much celebrated, some years back, for his happy imitations of singing birds. They have been much followed and approved in most of the principal theatres out of the metropolis.

Mr. Ware's music is in his happiest stile, and excellently adapted to the several situations. Master Smalley's *Soldier's Boy*, though a pleasing air, is not so effective as the Cabin Boy of last season. His voice is now breaking from *treble* to *tenor*, and his tones distress the ear. He should wait till his voice is settled.

29. **Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.**—This lady's return to Covent Garden without Mr. H. Johnston has excited much curiosity, and her reception could not be very gratifying to her feelings. The contest between the *eyes* and the *noes*, when she made her appearance, was very sharp though short. The applause predominated, and she was allowed to proceed. "*The public has nothing to do with the private character of performers.*" Scrutinize private character, and you sweep away all our best actresses. If the women are to be amenable for their private conduct, let the vices of the men undergo a similar inquisition." This is the cry of Mrs. Johnston's friends, and it is also a pretty general opinion. It is one, however, to which we can never subscribe. With respect to Mrs. Johnston, we will admit that the indignation of the public is premature; they are in possession of no facts. The story of her misconduct has been circulated only through private channels. They have no means of ascertaining either her faults or her wrongs. But as a general position nothing can be more untenable or abominable. The public morals, public decency, the national character, the true interests of the profession, and the respectability of the English stage, are all concerned in this question. One thing is certain. The prejudice which has so long existed against the very name of a player can never be destroyed but by the members of the profession themselves. **THEIR OWN GOOD CHARACTER AND CORRECT CONDUCT CAN ALONE RENDER THE PROFESSION RESPECTABLE IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD;** and if you remove the only *check* which, in the present vicious system of our theatres, remains, (and that operates but occasionally and slightly) viz. the expression of the public sentiment; and if it once be established that public performers, however notoriously profligate and infamous off the stage, are not to fall within the censure of the audience, what is this but encouraging vice at the expence of virtue—and how is the stage ever to become an institution worthy of the British nation?

We shall probably treat this subject at some length in a future number. It is a very important one. At present we will merely put these questions:

Is it creditable to the country that its principal actresses should be women of loose and immoral character?

Is it not likely that the persons of this description would be more numerous if not liable to some restraint?

Does it enhance the effect of a performance, to know that the representative of a dutiful child, a tender parent, an affectionate wife, a virtuous woman; is an *unnatural daughter*, a *bad mother*, a *faithless partner*, and an *avowed wanton*?

The following card was inserted in the several papers, a few days after Mrs. Johnston's appearance.

A CARD —Mrs. Johnston, under the deepest impressions of gratitude and respect, would have considered it her duty to have earlier offered to her Friends and the Public her heartfelt acknowledgments for the flattering reception she was honoured with on her first appearance this season, by a numerous and brilliant audience, had she not feared that attempts would be made to ascribe such an address to motives, very foreign indeed to those feelings of obligation and humility, which could alone induce her to trespass on their indulgence; nor would she now presume to obtrude on their kind notice, had she not found it indispensably necessary to appeal to their generosity and consideration for protection, as she unhappily finds, after a long and patient endurance of unmerited sufferings, that a system of persecution still continues to be practised against her by a few prejudiced individuals, against the influence of whose inveterate efforts, through the means of some cruel and unjust paragraphs, to deprive her of that bounty, arising from those professional exertions, which shall ever be gratefully devoted to their entertainment, and to which alone she confidently looks for support: Mrs. Johnston thus humbly appeals to their humanity, and cheerfully submits her fate to a generous British public.

Jan. 8. Mrs. Johnston again came forward in *Letitia Hardy*; but the opposition on her appearance was more formidable than on the former night. After several unsuccessful attempts to proceed, she advanced to the orchestra, and addressed the audience to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot bear anger from any person. In many instances I have been much wronged." She seemed affected and shed tears. This appeal was irresistible. The play, with occasional disapprobation, proceeded to its close. It is painful to see a lady, whose *entrée* has been for so many seasons greeted with unmixed applause, experience so mortifying a reception. It is more painful to know the reasons which have been assigned for it. The comedy was not acted in a state to require its repetition. Jones, however, in *Flutter*, was better than we have yet seen him; and Miss Bristow, who has resigned the *Colombines*, afforded very fair promise as an actress, in *Lady Touchwood*. She well deserves encouragement.

9. *Comedy of Errors*. This, we believe, is Mr. Hull's alteration from Shakspeare; and it is well adapted to the stage. This comedy would, perhaps, be more frequently acted, but for the difficulty of finding performers whose persons are sufficiently alike to justify the mistakes which form the humour and business of the play. The resemblance between Mr. Pope and Mr. C. Kemble is not very striking. But upon the whole the deception was tolerably well supported; and the two *Dromios* were excellent. The audience, however, did not appear highly satisfied with this *revival*, and the comedy will probably sleep on the prompter's shelf till again aroused from its repose by the next year's pantomime.



12. The **WANDERER**. This is the play which was to have been acted at the Hay-market, a summer or two since, but was prohibited by the licencer, who probably thought the representation of it would promote another rebellion. Perhaps his scruples were right, though we do not ourselves conceive that the play of the *Wanderer*, supposing *Sigismond* to bear the name of *Stuart*, and *Sweden* were exchanged for the *Highlands* of Scotland, could have the effect of re-converting a single North Briton into a Jacobite. The prince is in great distress, and so far an interesting object; and it is known that he lays claim to the crown, but his right to it is no where declared: on the contrary, he is considered throughout the play to be what he is in reality, a *rebel*;—and it may be further contended, that the political tendency is salutary rather than mischievous, for it shews, in strong colours, to what distress, discomfiture, and humiliation misguided ambition is often exposed. Be this, however, as it may, the *Wanderer* is a clever drama, and the ingenuity of the construction is such, that though by this *veto* of the *examiner of all plays*, *Tekeli's* and other *hide-and-seeke* melodramas have intervened “between the effect and it,” there is sufficient novelty to attract curiosity, and sufficient interest to gratify it most amply. The story may be told in few words. *Sigismond*, the rebel Prince who, as the descendant of the Great Gustavus, aspires to the crown, is, from the unfortunate issue of a battle, obliged to take shelter in the house of *Count Valdestein*, one of his bitterest enemies. The Count is from home. The *Countess* discovers, but resolves to conceal him till an opportunity occurs of escape. The dilemmas into which this resolution brings her, and the artifice to which she is obliged to resort to maintain the *rights of hospitality*, constitute the business and interest of the piece. After numerous impediments she is successful, *Sigismond* escapes, her offence is pardoned on account of the motive, and the piece concludes.

Not having seen the original drama, we cannot judge of the whole merit due to the translator. Coming from the French school, the incidents are probably all Duval's. The language is elegant and forcible, and the sentiments naturally introduced, and judiciously applied. The retort on the Colonel, in the third act, cannot be too much admired. *Sigismond's* story is perhaps too long for dramatic narration; it reminded us of *Æneas's tale to Dido*. It has another dramatic defect. The necessary escape of the hero leaves us dissatisfied with the love-plot; and to excite our early sympathy for the Prince, he is made to whimper and lament in a strain unbecoming a hero, who is no longer one if he cannot bear misfortune with manly fortitude. But these trifles are not to be insisted on. The general merit of the play atones for them. We do not rank it with the *Point of Honour*, but it is highly creditable to the author, has been very successful, and what cannot always be added, *deserves* its success.

The play is very finely acted. The author *felt* his character and no doubt felt for himself. He has seldom been more effective. Miss Smith performed the *Countess* admirably, and greatly contributed to the success of the piece. If this clever actress would borrow a hint from *one* line of Churchill's *Rosciad*, her fame would be more firmly established than ever it can be by the method she is adopting. Her talents do not require the aid of *borrowed lustre* to set them off to advantage. Miss Norton, in the little she had to do,



was interesting, and spoke the Epilogue in a very playful, and truly original manner. We are quite convinced that comedy is this lady's *forte*. Blanchard also played extremely well.

The Music, by Davy and Russell, possesses much science and excellence, but the Chorusses are of too difficult execution for the performers of a Theatre, and are only fit for the ears of amateurs. Certainly some attention should be paid to theatrical effect; simplicity is the soul of music, and ought to be blended with science, otherwise it can never give general satisfaction.

#### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A Grand Operatic Drama is in rehearsal at Drury-Lane. It is the first production of a Mr. Brandon. The music by Reeve and Braham, a *par noble fratrum*, from whose combined talents an excellent musical treat may be reasonably expected.

Mr. Jones is said to be in treaty with Mr. Sheridan for his share of Drury-Lane. Will not this be out of the *frying-pan*, &c.?

Cooke, released from "durance vile" by Rock, the Scotch manager, who has certainly proved, in this instance, that "he is not made of stone," has been attracting great houses at Glasgow; but "what does he in the North?" the managers of Covent Garden can best answer this question.

"Are all their protestations come to this!"

Incedon and Dowton were lately engaged to play a night at Windsor, but the inhabitants, from some recent disappointments, considering the report as a *weak invention* of the enemy, did not seem much inclined to visit the theatre. The manager therefore applied to the bellman, who, with his "O! Yes" and his "*Iron tongue and brazen mouth*" gave the worthy townsfolk very loudly to understand that "Mr. Incedon and Mr. Dowton were actually arrived, and would, certainly perform that evening. GOD SAVE THE KING. This is no bad substitute for the drum and trumpet of former times.

#### COUNTRY THEATRES.

*Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.*—Mr. Editor—The First Part of my Communication relative to this Theatre, having been taken in such good part, a second and third shall follow freely and fairly.

The superfluous words used in the Play Bills to which I alluded in my former part, have been in part reformed; would they were reformed altogether, as well as some observations which occasionally adorn the Bills, I mean, "*the unbounded admiration with which such a piece has been performed in London—at the Royal Circus, 100 nights with universal applause—at Drury Lane, with the most marked approbation and applause,—unprecedented applause—and unprecedented attraction.*" Yet, being well aware that this sort of puff preliminary has its effect upon the minds of some persons, who judge of the merits of the piece from the number of nights of representation at Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre, and who imagine that what has been played most frequently, stands highest in general estimation—I am content the managers should continue the practice. The following instance will justify the remark:

Half a dozen poor honest fellows of the town, having met the

other day, proposed to form a little party to see the Play;—says one, “I’m for *Ella Rosenberg*, as it was acted at Drury Lane with unbounded admiration—quite a new piece—let’s go, when that’s done.” —“No,” says a second, “*Lodoiska*, in three parts, for me—they say that was performed with the most unprecedented applause, admiration and attraction.” “I should have no objection,” says a third, “either to *Ella Rosenberg* or *Lodoiska*, but, that the bills announce a new melo-drame—‘*The False Friend; or, the Assassin of the Rocks*,’ performed at the Royal Circus in London, 100 nights (*Twang!*) with universal applause; think of that, my masters—100 nights!” In fine, it was agreed that *must* be the best piece, and the *False Friend* had more attraction with these judges of the drama, than poor *Ella* or *Lodoiska*.

In addition to the before-mentioned pieces, the manager has produced *Adelgitha*, which introduced Mrs. Galindo, from the Birmingham Theatre, as *Adelgitha*; *The Young Hussar*; and *The Winter’s Tale*, in a very superior stile of excellence; *Leontes* and *Hermione*, by Mr. Barrymore and Mrs. Glover.

The dresses and scenery are splendid, and the *tout ensemble* highly creditable to the manager and performers. It has produced some very good houses, and the inhabitants are greatly indebted to the exertion of such a man as the present Proprietor, in procuring them every novelty, aided by the most powerful Company I ever saw out of London. He has done his part—let the public do theirs—“and for my own poor part, (as it is midnight) I will go pray”

Yours,

AN ANTIPARTITE.

21st. January, 1808.

End of PART THE SECOND.

*Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.*—The Theatrical Season here, though short, was brilliant. The house opened on Wednesday, 23d ult. and will close on Thursday next. The performers are, Messrs. Rock (Manager), Cooke, Young, Evatt, Berry, Mansell, Vining, Trueman, Shaw, Davis, &c. Messds. Young, Waring, Penson, and Nicol. Misses, Larkman, Walton, &c. &c. Those marked in *italics*, are new to Glasgow. Of the superlative merits of Cooke and Young, in their respective lines of acting, too much cannot be said. *The Cabinet* has already borne testimony to their abilities. Mr. Mansel possesses a good figure, but his talents are *mediocre*. Mrs. Waring has played *Lady Randolph* with considerable success. Mrs. Penson sings a pleasant song, and performs characters of a lively cast. Mr. Young has gone to Dublin for a month, but is to join the company in Edinburgh.

Ever since Mr. Rock obtained the management, our theatricals have flourished in an eminent degree. The liberal manner in which he extricated Mr. Cooke from the fangs of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, reflect no less honour on his feelings as a man, than on his judgment as a manager. Unlike the Managers of the London Theatres, he could not allow such

“ ————capability

“ To fust in *him* unused.”

We are sorry to say that Mr. Rock’s lease of this Theatre expires next May; from present appearances, however, his “sun

will make a golden set." An itinerant, a Mr. *Beaumont*, well known in the circuit of Arbroath, Montrose, Inverness, &c. is to be Mr. R.'s successor, and the sapient director of the dramatic amusements of the citizens of Glasgow. I am much afraid the change will verify the saying of GRESSET, *L'aigle d'un maison est un sot dans un autre.*

Glasgow, 18th January, 1808.

ARCHY.

*Theatre GLOUCESTER*—On thursday evening the 7th January, the pathetic and interesting tragedy of *Douglas*, with the laughable entertainment of *'Tis all a Farce*, were performed at our Theatre, by a party of distinguished *Amateurs*, for the benefit of the infirmary. The benevolent cause in which these Gentlemen generously volunteered their services, and the limited experience which they can have in the business of the stage, would disarm Criticism of the shafts of malevolence, were she disposed to exercise severity on the present occasion; but the feeling and propriety which eminently distinguished the whole performance, bid defiance to splenetic severity, and render unnecessary the boon of favour. Mrs. Litchfield liberally aided the cause of Charity, and came from London on purpose to contribute her powerful abilities, in the character of *Lady Randolph*; The general excellence which pervaded both pieces, will prevent the necessity of entering into a minute detail, or dwelling upon individual beauties; but we cannot refrain observing, that never were scenic representations marked with a happier discrimination, or given with more powerful effect, than the interview between *Old Norval* and *Lady Randolph*, on the discovery of the jewels—that wherein the birth and rank of *Douglas* were imparted to him by his mother—the celebrated scene between *Douglas* and *Glenalvon*—and that in which the youthful hero rushes forward to the protection of his mother, after being wounded in the encounter with *Randolph* and *Glenalvon*. We certainly never saw the character of *Young Norval* better performed: in the hands of the Gentleman\* who assumed the arduous task, it was totally divested of modern rant, and yet retained its native dignity and prominence in the groupe; his attitude, particularly, when he appears in defence of his mother, in the last scene, was peculiarly fine, and drew forth the most rapturous applause—which indeed was liberally bestowed throughout the whole. The part of *Old Norval* had an able representative, † the peculiar tremulousness of whose voice added greatly to the illusion of the scene; and the just conception of the Gentleman who performed *Glenalvon*, ‡ gave unusual interest to that subtle character. Mrs. Litchfield, from being accustomed to a larger expanse, pitched her voice at first rather too high for the limited scope of so small a house; but she soon discovered the mistake, and dropped into a mellowness of tone, and richness of colouring, which operated upon the feelings of the audience in as powerful a degree as was ever effected by the celebrated mistress of the histrionic art. In the farce, the Gentleman who performed *Douglas* evinced the extraordinary versatility of his powers, by a most humorous representation of the whimsical character of *Numpo*, in which he introduced two comic songs, the last of which was loudly *encored*. The dresses for both pieces, which were prepared in London, were extremely elegant, and the costume displayed a correct taste. Some new scenes were also painted for the occasion; one of which, exhibiting an ancient castle-gate and appropriate scenery,

\* Capt. Fitzgerald.

† Mr. Hicks.

‡ Col. Guise.



was much admired; and reflected great credit on the abilities of the artist, Mr. Seward, of Cheltenham.

It was with great reluctance Mrs. Litchfield could be prevailed upon to accept even her travelling expences.

The House overflowed with a brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion; the Earl and Countess of Berkeley and family, and many other distinguished characters, were present. The receipts amounted to near 100*l*.

The following Prologue was hastily written for the occasion, and delivered with great feeling by the author, (the Gentleman who performed *Old Norval*.)

“ To play the fool at times,” the Sage allows,  
From whose fam’d lyre each moral precept flows;  
Who swept the tuneful chords in Virtue’s cause,  
And gave, in sweetest numbers, purest laws.  
“ To play the fool,” if *Roman Sages* deign’d,  
Shall we by *modern scruples* be restrain’d?  
The *seasonable folly* they commend,  
Should we disclaim, ’twere *folly without end*.  
And what is *folly*, at a *proper season*,  
More than a kind of *holiday for Reason*?  
Now then the only difficulty lies  
In finding what this *proper season* is.  
In search of this we have not far to ramble:  
The streets still echo with the *Christmas gambol*;  
Still on our view remains the crowded scene  
Of eager candidates for—*King and Queen*.  
But lest the thing should tire by repetition,  
We’ve *here* prepared a *different exhibition*.  
No tawdry figures stuck upon *twelfth cake*,  
Which the mere *breath* will melt, the *touch* will break.  
Nor, as we hope, advancing *one step higher*,  
Will it be found that we are—*wood and wire*.  
Our wish, we own, to-night is, if we cou’d,  
To pass for *puppets* made of *flesh and blood*.  
But in whatever light the Critic view us,  
Though his severest censure should pursue us,  
One claim at least we boast to your protection—  
To-night our *folly* takes a *good direction*.  
To deeds of *Charity* our play invites;  
*Err* as we may, let *this set all to rights*.  
Yet fearful that the dangers which surround us,  
In spite of your indulgence, might confound us,  
We sought a well-known *public fav’rite’s*\* aid,  
Whose talents, as we found, neglected laid.  
Nor sought in vain; she comes; and you will find  
The *London Managers* have both been blind.  
With kindest zeal she meets us here to-night,  
Our *Play* to grace—your *Charity* requite:  
Need I say more? assur’d, in such a cause,  
She comes with double claim to your *applause*.

Gloucester 10th January.

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\* Mrs. Litchfield.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.*

**BIOGRAPHY.**—Life of Morland the Painter, with remarks on his works, by G. Dawe.—Memoir of the Rev. John Newton, by the Rev. Richard Cecil.---An authentic narrative of the causes which led to the death of Major John Andre, Adjutant-General of the British army in North America, in the year 1780, by Joshua Hill Smith, Esq. counsellor at law, and member of the Convention of the states of New York.

**HISTORY.**---Proposals have been issued in Charlestown (S. C.) for publishing the life, character, and secret History of Macbeth, King of Scotland; from authentic manuscripts in the possession of the Howard family, and from original characters, papers and deeds, now in the hands of one of the most ancient families in North Britain, the family of Cummin, now Cummin of Atlyne; with the original laws and statutes of Kenneth the Second, and a true copy of the oration delivered by the venerable thane of Argyle, at the coronation of Malcolm, at Scone.---Annals of Great Britain, from the ascension of George III. to the Peace of Amiens.

**POETRY.**---Poetics, in four books, with Notes, by G. Dyer.---Collection of Historical and Romantic Ballads, by Mr. Finlay; Metrical Legends, and other Poems, by C. K. Sharp, Esq.---The works of Dryden, by Walter Scott, Esq.

**MEDICAL.**---A new Medical Quarterly Review, under the title of the London Medical Review.

**ROMANCES, &c.**---The Duke of Lauzun, an Historical Romance, including anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV. by Madame de Genlis.---The Fatal Vow, or St. Michael's Monastery, by Mr. Lathom.---Tales of the Passions; each tale comprising one Volume, and forming the subject of a single Passion, by George Moore.

**TOPOGRAPHY.**---Historical and descriptive account of Lancaster.

**DRAMA.**---The Wanderer, by Mr. Charles Kemble.---Mr. Davies's Life of Garrick, with additions.

**NATURAL HISTORY.**---Zoological anecdotes, or authentic and interesting facts, relative to the lives, manners, and œconomy of the Brute Creation.---Natural History of Birds, intended chiefly for young persons, by the late Charlotte Smith.

**DIVINITY.**---The works of Dr. Kirwan, Dean of Kilalala.---The works of Bishop Hopkins, with a Life, by the Rev. Josiah Pratt.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**---Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, with alterations and improvements.







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